

The Corsair.

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SONNET FROM PETRARCH.

"Se la mia vita dall' aspre tormonte."

Lady, if all the torments I sustain—
This bitter misery—these ceaseless tears,
Do not destroy my life—I may with pain
View thy bright eyes grow dim in after years;
See silver threads mix with thy golden hair;
Youth's garlands wither from their summer glow,
And thy cheek fade. The wreck of one so fair
Will in its sadness mock each lighter woe.
Then, love will give me courage to reveal
(When all thy pride of beauty will be gone,)
The martyrdom that I have felt, and feel
For hours, days, years of anguish lingering on.
If this, my future hope, may never be,
These sighs relieve me, though they reach not thee.

THE TREE OF DEATH.

Let the king of the grave be asked to tell
The plant he loveth best,
And it will not be the cypress tree,
Though 'tis ever the churchyard guest;
He will not mark the hemlock dark,
Nor stay where the night-shade spreads;
He will not say 'tis the sombre yew,
Though it springs o'er skeletons' heads;
He will not point to the willow branch,
Where breaking spirits pine beneath,
For a brighter leaf sheds deeper grief,
And a fairer tree is the Tree of Death.

But where the green rich stalks are seen,
Where ripe fruits gush and shine,
"This, this," cries he, "is the tree for me—
The vine, the beautiful vine;
I crouch among the emerald leaves,
Gemmed with the ruby grapes;
I dip my spear in the poison here,
And he is strong that escapes."
Crowds dance round, with satyr bound,
Till my dart is hurled from its traitor sheath;
When I shriek with glee, no friend to me,
Is so true as the vine, the Tree of Death.

O the glossy vine has a serpent charm,
It bears an unblest fruit;
There's a taint about each tendrill'd arm,
And a curse upon its root;
Its juice may flow to warm the brow,
And wildly lighten the eye,
But the frenzied mirth of a revelling crew
Will make the wise man sigh;
For the maniac laugh, the trembling frame,
The idiot speech and pestilent breath,
The shattered mind and blasted fame,
Are wrought by the vine, the Tree of Death.

Fill, fill the glass, and let it pass;
But ye who quaff, O think
That even the heart which loves must loathe
The lips that deeply drink;
The breast may mourn o'er a close link torn,
And the scalding drops may roll;
But 'tis better to mourn o'er a pulseless form
Than the wreck of a living soul.
Then a health to the hemlock, the cypress, and yew,
The worm-hiding grass and the willow wreath,
For though shading the tomb, they fling not a gloom
So dark as the vine, the Tree of Death.

ELIZA COOK.

A PORTRAIT BY LORD BROUGHAM.

From a work just published in London.

MR. CANNING.

When Mr. Pitt stood against the united powers of the coalition by the support of the country and the people, in debate he had only Mr. Dundas, and occasionally Mr. Wilberforce, to whom he could look for assistance while attacked by Fox, Burke, North, Sheridan, Erskine, Windham. But a younger race afterwards grew up and came to his assistance; and of these Mr. Canning was undoubtedly the first. He was, in all respects, one of the most remarkable persons who have lived in our times. Born with talents of the highest order, these had been cultivated with an assiduity and success which placed him in the first rank among the most accomplished scholars of his day; and he was only inferior to others in the walks of science, from the accident of the studies which Oxford cherished in his time being pointed almost exclusively to classical pursuits. But he was anything rather than a mere scholar. In him were combined, with a rich profusion, the most lively original fancy—a happily retentive and ready memory—singular powers of lucid statement—and occasionally wit in all its varieties, now biting and sarcastic to overwhelm an antagonist—now pungent or giving point to an argument—now playful for mere amusement, and bringing relief to a tedious statement, or lending a charm to dry chains of close reasoning—Erant ea in Philippo quæ, qui sine comparatione illorum spectaret, satis magna dixerit; summa libertas in oratione, multæ facietæ; satis creber in reprehendis, solutus in explicandis sententiis; erat etiam imprimis, ut temporibus illis, Græcis doctis institutus, in altercando cum aliquo et maledicto facetus.—(Cic., Brutus.) Superficial observers dazzled by this brilliancy, and by its sometimes being over-indulged, committed their accustomed mistake, and supposed that he who could thus adorn his subject was an amusing speaker only, while he was helping on the argument at every step,—often making skilful statements perform the office of reasoning, and oftener still seeming to be witty when he was merely exposing the weakness of hostile positions, and thus taking them by the artillery of his wit. But in truth his powers of ordinary reasoning were of a very high order, and could not be excelled by the most practised master of dialectics. It was rather in the deep and full measure of impassioned declamation in its legitimate combination with rapid argument, the highest reach of oratory, that he failed; and this he rarely attempted. Of his powers of argumentation, his capacity for the pursuits of abstract science, his genius for adorning the least attractive subjects, there remains an imperishable record in his celebrated speeches upon the "Currency," of all his efforts the most brilliant and the most happy.

This great man was the slave of no mean or paltry passions, but a lofty ambition inspired him; and had he not too early become trained to official habits, he would have avoided the distinguishing error of his life, an impression which clung to him from the desk, that no one can usefully serve his country, or effectually further his principles, unless he possesses the power which place alone bestows. The traces of this belief are to be seen in many of the most remarkable passages of his life; and it even appears in the song with which he celebrated the praise of his illustrious leader and friend; for he treats as a fall his sacrificing power to principle, at a time when by retiring from office Mr. Pitt had earned the applause of millions. Mr. Canning himself gave an example yet more signal of abandoning office rather than tarnish his fame; and no act of his life can be cited which sheds a greater lustre on his memory.

In private society he was singularly amiable and attractive, though, except for a very few years of his early youth, he rarely frequented the circles of society, confining his intercourse to an extremely small number of warmly attached friends. In all the relations of domestic life he was blameless, and was the delight of his family, as in them he placed his own. His temper, though naturally irritable and uneasy, had nothing petty or spiteful in it; and as no one knew better how and when to resent an injury, so none could more readily or more gracefully forgive.

It is supposed that, from his early acquaintance with Mr. Sheridan and one or two other Whigs, he originally had a leaning towards that side of the question. But he entered into public life at a very early age, under the auspices of Mr. Pitt, to whom he continued steadily attached till his death; accompanying him when he retired from power, and again quitting office upon his decease. His principles were throughout those of a liberal Tory, above the prejudices of the bigots who have rendered Toryism ridiculous, and free from the corruption that has made it hateful. Imbued with a warm attachment to the ancient institutions of the country, somewhat apt to overrate the merits of mere antiquity, from his classical habits, and from early association, he nevertheless partook largely in the improved spirit of the age, and adopted all reforms, except such as he conscientiously believed were not only dictated by a restless love of change and could do no good, or such as went too far, and threatened revolution. But this was the posture into which his opinions and principles may be said ultimately to have subsided—these the bearings of his mind towards the great objects of political controversy in the station which it finally took when the tempest of French convulsion had ceased, and statesmen were moored in still water. He began his career in the most troublous period of the storm; and it happened to him, as to all men, that the tone of his sentiments upon state affairs was very much influenced through after times by

the events which first awakened his ambition, or directed his earliest pursuit of glory. The atrocities of the French Jacobins—the thoughtless violence of the extreme democratic party in this country, reduced by those atrocities to a small body—the spirit of aggression which the conduct of her neighbors had first roused in France, and which unexampled victories soon raised to a pitch that endangered all national independence—led Mr. Canning, with many others who naturally were friendly to liberty, into a course of hostility towards all change, because they became accustomed to confound reform with revolution, and to dread nothing so much as the mischiefs which popular violence had produced in France, and with which the march of French conquests threatened to desolate Europe. Thus it came to pass that the most vigorous and the most active portion of his life was passed in opposing all reforms; in patronising the measures of coercion into which Mr. Pitt had, so unhappily for his fame and for his country, been seduced by the alarms of weak, and by the selfish schemes of unprincipled men; and in resisting the attempts which the friends of peace persevered to make for terminating hostilities, so long the curse, and still by their fruits the bane of this empire.

It was not till the end of the war that his natural good sense had its free scope, and he became aware of the difference between Reforms, of which he admitted the necessity, and Revolution, against all risk of which he anxiously guarded. He had early joined Mr. Pitt on the Catholic question, and while yet the war raged, he had rendered incalculable service to the cause of Emancipation, by devoting to it some of his most brilliant displays in the House of Commons. This, with the accident of a contested election in a great town bringing him more in contact with popular feelings and opinions, contributed to the liberal course of policy on almost all subjects, which he afterwards pursued. Upon one only question he continued firm and unbending; he was the most uncompromising adversary of all Parliamentary Reform,—resisting even the least change in the representative system, and holding that alteration once begun was fatal to its integrity. This opposition to reform became the main characteristic of the Canning party, and it regulated their conduct on almost all questions. Before 1831, no exception can be perceived in their hostility to reform, unless their differing with the Duke of Wellington on East Retford can be regarded as such; but, in truth, their avowed reason for supporting that most insignificant measure was, that the danger of a real and effectual reform might thereby be warded off. The friends of Mr. Canning, including Lords Palmerston and Glenelg, who, in 1818, had been joined by Lord Melbourne, continued steady to the same principles, until happily, on the formation of Lord Grey's government, they entirely changed their course, and became the advocates, with their reforming colleagues, of a change, compared to which the greatest reforms ever contemplated by Mr. Pitt and Mr. Fox, or denounced by Mr. Burke and Mr. Canning, hardly deserve to be classed among measures of innovation. No one can pronounce with perfect confidence on the conduct which any statesman would have pursued, had he survived the times in which he flourished. But if such an opinion may ever with safety be formed, it seems to be in the present case; and it would require far more boldness to surmise that Mr. Canning, or even Mr. Huskisson, would have continued in the government after the 1st of March, 1831, than to affirm that nothing could ever have induced such an alteration in their most fixed opinions upon so momentous a question.

But while such was the strength of his opinions,—prejudices as they seem,—on one great subject, on almost all other matters, whether of foreign or domestic policy, his views were liberal, and suited to the spirit of the age, while he was a firm supporter of the established constitution of the country. If ever man was made for the service and the salvation of a party, Mr. Canning seemed to have been raised up for that of the Tories; if ever party committed a fatal error, it was their suffering groundless distrust, and unintelligible dislikes to estrange him from their side. At a time when nothing but his powerful arm could recal unity to their camp, and save them from impending destruction, they not merely wilfully kindled the wrath of Achilles, but resolved that he should no longer fight on their side, and determined to throw away their last chance of winning the battle. To him they by general assent preferred Lord Castlereagh as their leader, without a single shining quality except the carriage and manners of high birth; while Mr. Canning, but for his accidental death, would have ended his life as governor of a country where men neither debate, nor write; where eloquence evaporates in scores of paragraphs, and the sparkling of wit and the cadence of rhyme are alike unknown.

The defects of Mr. Canning's character or of his genius were not many, nor those difficult to discover. His irritable temper has been noted; he had a love of trifling and a fondness for indulging in pleasantry, more injurious to his estimation with ordinary men than his temper. Nothing could be more natural than that one who so much excelled others in these lighter, more brilliant, but hardly attainable qualities, should be prone to exercise them over-much; but they greatly marred the effect of his more solid and important talents. Above all, they enlarged the circle of his enemies, and occasionally transferred to it the friends whom they lost him. With the common run of ordinary mortals, who compose the mass of every country—with the plainer sort of men who form the bulk of every audience, and who especially bear sway in their own appointed place, the assembly that represents the English people,—it would have been contrary to nature if one so lively, so fond of his joke, so careless whom his merriment might offend, so ready to turn the general laugh against any victim,—had been popular, nay, had failed to prove the object of suspicion, and even dislike. The duller portion, over whose heads his lighter missiles flew, were offended with one who spoke so lightly; it was almost personal to them if he jested, and a classical allusion was next thing to an affront. "He will be laughing at the quorum or talking metaphysics next," said the squire, representing a county. But even they who emulated him and favored his claims, did not much like the man who had made them so merry, for they felt what it was that they laughed at, and it might be their own turn to-morrow.

That his oratory suffered materially from this self-indulgent habit, so hard to resist by him who possesses the faculty of amusing his audience, and can scarcely pause at the moment that he is exerting it successfully, it would be incorrect to affirm. The graver parts of his discourse were perfectly sustained; they were unmingled with ribaldry; they were quite

as powerful in themselves as if they had not stood out from the inferior matter and had not soared above it. There is no doubt, however, that with an unreflecting audience, their effect was somewhat confused by the cross lights which the wit, sometimes bordering upon drollery, shot over the canvass. But his declamation, though often powerful, always beautifully ornate, never deficient in admirable diction, was certainly not of the very highest class. It wanted depth: it came from the mouth, not from the heart; and it tickled or even filled the ear rather than penetrated the bosom of the listener. The orator never seemed to forget himself and be absorbed in his theme; he was not carried away by his passions, and he carried not his audience along with him. An actor stood before us, a first-rate one no doubt, but still an actor; and we never forgot that it was a representation we were witnessing, not a real scene. The Grecian artist was of the second class only, at whose fruit the birds pecked; while, on seeing Parrhasius' picture, men cried out to draw aside the curtain. Mr. Canning's declamation entertained his hearers, so artistically was it executed; but only an inexperienced critic could mistake it for the highest reach of the rhetorical art. The truly great orator is he who carries away his hearer, or fixes his whole attention on the subject—with the subject fills his whole soul—than the subject, will suffer him to think of no other thing—of the subject's existence alone will let him be conscious, while the vehement inspiration lasts on his own mind which he communicates to his hearer—and will only suffer him to reflect on the admirable execution of what he has heard after the burst is over, the whirlwind has passed away, and the excited feelings have in the succeeding lull sunk into repose.

The vice of this statesman's public principles was much more pernicious in its influence upon his public conduct than the defects which we have just remarked were upon his oratory. Bred up in office from his early years, he had become so much accustomed to its pleasures that he felt uneasy when they were taken from him. It was in him nothing like a sordid propensity that produced this frame of mind. For emolument, he felt the most entire indifference; upon the management of petty intrigue which is called jobbing, he looked down with sovereign contempt. But his extraordinary active mind, impatient of rest, was only to be allayed by occupation, and office afforded this at all hours, and in boundless measure. His kind and friendly nature, attaching him strongly to his associates, as it strongly fixed their affection upon him, made him feel uneasy at their exclusion from power, and desirous to possess the means of gratifying them. Above all, though a great debater, and breathing the air of Parliament as the natural element of his being, he yet was a man of action too, and would sway the counsels as well as shake the senates of his country. He loved debate for its exercise of his great faculties; he loved power for its own sake, caring far less for display than for gratification. Hence, when he retired from office upon the dispute with Lord Castlereagh, (a passage of his life much and unjustly blamed at the time, but which had it been ever so exactly as most men then viewed it, has in later times been cast into the thickest shades of oblivion by acts infinitely more abominable and disgraceful,) and when he found that instead of a speedy return to power he was condemned to years of exclusion, his impatience led him to the imprudent step of serving under his successful rival on a foreign mission of an unimportant cast. The uneasiness which he manifestly suffered in retirement, even made him consent to the scheme of more permanent expatriation, (as Governor-General of India,) which only the unhappy death of Lord Castlereagh prevented from taking effect. But these were rather matters affecting the person than perverting the principles, or misguiding the conduct of the party. The unfortunate love of power, carried too far, and felt so as to make the gratification of it essential to existence, is ruinous to the character of a statesman. It leads often to abandonment of principle, constantly to compromise; it subjects him to frequent dependence; it lowers the tone of his mind, and teaches his spirit to feed on the bitter bread of other's bounty; above all, it occasionally severs him from his natural friends, and brings him acquainted with strange and low associates, whose natures, as their habits, are fit to be scorned by him, and who have with him but one thing in common, that they seek the same object with himself—they for love of gain, he for lust of dominion.

Men are apt to devise ingenious excuses for those failings which they cherish most fondly, and if they cannot close their eyes to them, had rather defend than correct. Mr. Canning reasoned himself into a belief which he was wont to profess, that no man can serve his country with effect out of office; as if there were no public in this country; as if there were no Parliament; no forum; no press! as if the Government were in the hands of a Vizier to whom the Turk had given his signet-ring, or a favorite to whom the Czarina had tossed her handkerchief; as if the patriot's vocation had ceased and the voice of public virtue were heard no more; as if the people were without power over their rulers, and only existed to be taxed and to obey! A more pernicious notion never entered the mind of a public man, nor one more fitted to undermine his public virtue. It may be made the cloak for every species of flagitious and sordid calculation; and what in him was only a sophistical self-deception, or a mere illusion of dangerous self-love, might have been, by the common herd of trading politicians, used as the cover for every low, and despicable, and unprincipled artifice. No errors are so dangerous as those false theories of morals which conceal the bounds between right and wrong; enable Vice to trick herself out in the attire of Virtue; and hide our frailties from ourselves by throwing around them the garb of profound wisdom.

THE METAPHYSICIAN AND THE MAID.

Lorenzo Silvertop had arrived at the thoughtful age of forty-eight, only the day before he became the lodger of Adam Buttons, breeches-maker, and liveryman, of the worshipful company of master tailors. Lorenzo was a bachelor; more, he was a metaphysician. He could take mind to pieces as easily as a watchmaker could take a chronometer to bits—knew every little spring of human action; and, in a word, looked through the heads of the sons and daughters of Eve, as easily as though they were of glass, and the motives therein working, laboring bees. To have gained this wis-

dom is, indeed, to have achieved the noblest triumph of human wit—to look down upon the world the unmoved spectator of its great, as of its little ways, is to sit upon the highest pinnacle attainable by man; only a little higher, stand the angels.

Adam Buttons, never having heard of metaphysics, was, unhappily, ignorant of the proper importance of his new lodger; not that Adam was wholly insensible of his worth—certainly not; for his value to Adam was that of fourteen shillings a week, in payment for the accommodation of two small rooms, domestic service included.

The house of Adam Buttons was, in truth, given up—that is, let out in many divisions. In the first floor was a flourishing young lawyer, sleek with a fine practice; his office being in Lothbury. Above him was the cashier of a banker's in Lombard-street; in the front attic, lived one of calling unknown—in the back garret, a person who had once been a gentleman. In a dark parlor, with a darker anteroom, filled with a bed, dwelt Lorenzo Silvertop, metaphysician. Where Adam Buttons, his wife, and daughter, consumed the four-and-twenty hours, was never ostentatiously made known; however, there ran a dark suspicion that they inhabited the kitchens. From this, it will be gathered that Buttons was one of those unconscious worldly philosophers, who are content to make the most of their possessions—taking no heed of extrinsic appearance, so that their pockets hold an inward good. Mrs. Buttons was flesh of Adam's flesh, and bone of Adam's bone; but for Bridget Buttons,—as she was in Bow church books registered the daughter of Adam and Wilhelmina Buttons, we must believe in her parentage, otherwise—to avoid all circumlocution, to come at once to a plain statement of the case,—Bridget Buttons was an angel! We repeat it; an angel!—and there were five lodgers in the house, and all of them, on their own showing, in the comfortless state of celibacy.—An angel in the furnace.

At the time Lorenzo Silvertop took Buttons's parlors for his abiding-place, he was immersed, chin deep, in a new quarto volume on "Free Will." For the last three years he had sunk, and sunk, in that *mare profundum*, when at length he began to think that he touched ground.

Silvertop was far gone in "Free Will," and on rising, had girded himself up for new endeavors, when Bridget Buttons entered with his breakfast. She smiled, courtesied, bade the new lodger good morning, and having filled the teapot, left the metaphysician to explain to himself the cause of a sudden agitation of the divine faculty, at the time perplexing Lorenzo Silvertop. Strange, that he who could so ably unuddle the moral enigmas of other men, could by no means discover the clue of his own perplexity. He pondered, and pondering, raised the teapot—poured and poured—and at length leaped, with something like an oath, from his chair, the scalding fluid having overflowed the cup, and run in a burning torrent down the table-cloth, upon the metaphysician's breeches.

"Did you call, sir?" asked Bridget, at the time passing the door, and hearing Silvertop, who with extraordinary presence of mind dropped his Bandana handkerchief before his soaking garment, at the same time, despite of blistering flesh, smiling very blandly: word he spoke not.

"Dear me!" said Bridget, observing the mischief; and then with a cheerful voice, and treading the carpet like a fawn, she added, "but I'll change it sir, directly."

Scarcely five minutes elapsed, and another snowy cloth decorated the table—the teapot was replenished, and saving the little personal discomfort felt by Silvertop, he had as goodly promise of breakfast as before. Again, however, the metaphysician fell into a study—again he felt strangely bewildered, and was again sturdily seeking the cause of his annoyance: thus, for ten minutes with his two hands clasping his right knee, and raising the leg two feet from the ground, he leant back in his chair, and tried to analyze his own emotions: whether he had arrived at any satisfactory conclusion we know not; but to this fact we can vouch: he had unconsciously wheeled himself from the table, his right leg dangling over a plate of toast at the fender; suddenly the limb descended, and on the instant the plate was split in twain, and the buttered toast lay scattered beneath the ashes.

"Did you call, sir?" asked Bridget, instantly looking in; but ere Silvertop could make reply, Bridget saw the ruin and observed, "Oh, that wicked cat!"

"Cat!" exclaimed Silvertop.

"He's always in mischief—but I'll make some more, sir, in a minute," said Bridget, and with a beaming face she tripped from the room.

"Cat!" said the metaphysician to himself. "Ha! that proves she has great delicacy of mind—considerable delicacy." Again he lapsed into thoughtfulness, then, after a few minutes rose, and striding up and down, exclaimed in the highest notes of self-satisfaction, "There was no cat!"

A fresh supply of toast was brought by Bridget; she approached the fireplace, placed the toast upon the fender, stirred the fire. This done, she was about to turn away, when she found her hand grasped by the new lodger.

"Bridget," said the metaphysician.

"Sir," said Bridget.

"There was no cat," cried Silvertop, at once satisfying his love of truth—and to him truth was an idol—and showing to Bridget Buttons his full appreciation of her motives. "There was no cat," said the metaphysician; and what think ye, reader, answered Bridget?

Bridget brushed down the corner of her apron, took it up, and replied, "La! sir."

"She has great delicacy," again thought Silvertop, as the maiden quitted the apartment; "great delicacy, and, yes, considerable intelligence." Now, thinks the reader, the metaphysician is in a fair way for breakfast; at length, he will pause in his study of human motives, make his meal, and then return to his tome on "Free Will." Let the reader learn that Lorenzo Silvertop added no leaf of laurel to his crown that day, and for the breakfast he made, will the reader listen to the dialogue of Dame Buttons and her daughter, standing at the hearth of the lodger, five minutes after he had quitted the house.

"He seems a strange customer," said Mrs. Buttons, looking suspiciously about the room.

"A very odd gentleman," remarked Bridget. "La! look here."

"Lord bless us!" cried Mrs. Buttons; "and I'm blessed!—look there too." Be it known, that Bridget pointed to the sugar-basin, into which the philosopher had emptied the contents of the teapot, and that in the dry saucepan on the fire, were two eggs baking, the water having boiled away.

"He has made no breakfast," said Bridget.

"And spoilt the saucepan," said the thrifty Mrs. Buttons.

"Do you know, mother, I think he's a scholar," was the speculation of the daughter.

"God forbid!" ejaculated the parent; who almost immediately continued, "Do you know what's in his trunks?"

"La! mother," was the reply of the simple, the intelligent Bridget.

"We've been pretty lucky in lodgers till now;—so, I say, God preserve us from all scholars," exclaimed Mrs. Buttons, who dived into the kitchen, to inquire of her husband what references he had taken with the man in the parlor.

Little thought Silvertop of the evidences of his self-abstraction left behind him; he thought only of the beautiful, the ingenuous, the intelligent daughter of the breeches-maker.

It is clear that a great revolution had taken place in the cold, the ceremonious habits of our metaphysician; for the next morning, at breakfast, he called Bridget Buttons, simply—Biddy.

Having so hailed her, he leant two hours in his chair, and produced another chapter upon "Human Motives."

"Mr. Bunch, sir," said Bridget, as she entered the apartment of the philosopher on the third morning.

"Bunch, Biddy?" asked Lorenzo; "who is Bunch?"

"The gentleman, sir, who—who makes clothes, sir," answered Bridget.

"Gentleman!" cried Silvertop, "you mean the—stay, why should not a tailor be a gentleman? For, in my essay on "Human Motives—"

"He's a very punctual tradesman, sir," continued Bridget.

"So your father tells me. Show him in—wait, not yet. Biddy," said the philosopher in the mildest tone.

"Yes, sir," said Bridget, correcting an evil disposition to laugh.

"Biddy, look at me, Biddy," cried Silvertop.

"La! sir," answered the girl, and her beautiful face was suffused with a blush, and her large blue eyes swam in frolicsome good-nature, as with a sudden twist of her elbows, she coquettishly complied with the request of the philosopher.

Lorenzo Silvertop sat almost breathless, with his eyes fixed upon the glowing face of the handmaid, who simperingly, and, as if enjoying the eccentricity of the new lodger, patiently underwent the scrutiny. Lorenzo said no word to her; but as he gazed, thus communed in whispers with himself: "She's a Titian—pink and white—fresh like cream—Titian—damme!—Titian."

"There's Mr. Bunch, sir," at length observed Bridget.

"Quite an old master," exclaimed the rapt Lorenzo.

"No, sir," replied Bridget, with one of her sweetest smiles, "only three years set up."

"The simplicity of a dove," thought Silvertop. "Biddy—bless you, Biddy."

"La! sir."

"Show him in." Bridget left the room, somewhat astonished at the warm benediction of the philosopher, who, himself, a little surprised by his enthusiasm, rose and took two or three turns in his room to collect himself for the interview with Bunch, the tailor, of whose visit it may here be necessary to say a few words.

Silvertop had ever manifested a most philosophical contempt of his tailor and his works: his outward man made no part of his studies laudably directed to the higher and more ennobling developments of the mind. What should a man, with his thoughts fixed upon "Free Will," care for a hole in his waistcoat!—what, to true philosophy, was a coat of antique cut, by time and accident defrauded of half its buttons! Such was the lofty creed of Silvertop when he entered upon his new lodgings; yet had he not been there two complete days, ere he asked his landlord to recommend to him a tailor. We leave it to the metaphysical reader to seek out the cause of Silvertop's conversion to the decencies of dress; all we propose to ourselves is, to narrate, not analyze. Hence, be it known, that Adam Buttons spoke in the very highest terms of the abilities and probity of Joel Bunch; eulogized the beautiful fidelity of his cut, praised, in measureless terms, the lustre and durability of his cloth, and closed with an eloquent tribute to the conscience of the tailor, as manifested in every item of his account. Buttons had known Bunch from his boyhood, and could, and would be answerable for him.

"Mr. Bunch, sir," cried Bridget, opening the door, and showing in the tailor. "Mr. Bunch, sir, to measure you." Saying this, Bridget, like a young kitten, frisked from the room.

Joel Bunch—it would be unjust to him to omit his portrait, was exactly four feet six inches high. His back was not a back, but a wide slanting shelf; his nether man was sufficiently bulky for the upper works of a giant; whilst, for the lovers of curves, his right leg bent like Cupid's bow; his arms were very long—his hands large and bony; and his head, thatched with stiff, short black hair, of monstrous amplitude. It seemed as if nature in a freak, had flattened a fine tall fellow down into the compass of Bunch, but that he had bulged considerably in the process. Certain it is, Joel might have been pulled up into a tall fellow of his hands; his head seemed not made to glance nearer to earth than from an altitude of six-feet two, and yet was it abated to four-feet six. In a luckless, hot-blooded sally of his youth, Joel had lost the light of his left eye: quenched by a watchman's iron-shod stave, in a nocturnal row in Threadneedle-street. He yet carried a white scar across his nose from some undivulged mishap; and, if we glance at the loss of three front teeth, which loss gave a sibilant sound to all his words, we have enumerated the few personal defects of Joel Bunch. Dwelling on the last flaw, we may, in illustration of the high spirit of Joel, state that he had then an apprentice, doomed to

Bridewell Clink, for having audaciously said of his master, that "he talked like his own goose."

"Is your name Bunch?" asked the metaphysician, somewhat astonished at the tailor.

"I have that honour," answered Bunch, with an habitual grin, which looping up either side of his upper lip, displayed to the full, his dental hiatus.

"Do you make for many people?" inquired Silvertop, suddenly fastidious—doubtful of his tailor.

"The first of people," replied Bunch, looking very loftily for his height. "This—my own—is my cut," added the tailor, twirling himself round.

"You made that coat?" asked Silvertop, a smile breaking at his mouth and eyes.

"I made this coat," replied Bunch.

"Did you? Then you could fit a corkscrew!" cried Lorenzo, laughing so heartily, that the humor carried away the doubts of Joel; and he took for a very delicate compliment what, at his first blush, he thought was a thing to be majestically resented. "Ha! ha!" cried the metaphysician. "Ha! ha!" squeaked the tailor.

"I think, my man, you may measure me," said Lorenzo; and without waiting for another word, Bunch pulled forth his parchment slips, and placing a chair close to Silvertop, jumped on it. Already he had placed his hand on Silvertop's collar, when Lorenzo swung round, and the face of Bunch being, by means of the chair, on a level with his own, he looked full at him as he proceeded with his question. "Do you make for any one in this house?"

"For all but the garrets," answered Joel.

"And not the garrets?" asked Silvertop; "any why not?" he needlessly inquired.

"Quite beyond me—too much in the skies—talk of first—first prin—"

"First principles?" suggested the metaphysician.

"That's it; first principles—of matter and all that. But, sir, can't I measure you while we chat? Thank you, sir. Clever man in the back-garret, sir. A little up in the neck sir?" asked Bunch, proceeding to his task.

"As they wear 'em," answered Lorenzo, shortly.

"A little up there, sir.—Yes, clever fellow, but devilish idle; lies in bed half the day, sir, and t'other half talks of *viz—viz* something, sir."

"*Viz inertia?*" asked Silvertop.

"That's it, and nothing less.—Rather low in the back, sir?" inquired the measuring tailor.

"As they wear 'em," repeated Silvertop, with new veneration for the mode.

"That's it, sir. Very clever young man, sir; wears his hair, sir, half down his coat—got very odd notions, sir; says he has not the slightest doubt, sir, that every thing is nothing, sir.—How about the cuffs, sir?—so deep, sir?"

"I should say,—but, quite as they wear 'em," determined the metaphysician.

"Just as deep, then. Buttons declares he's mad; but for my part, I think he's only lazy. He says that if he likes to give his mind to it, he can make diamonds as big as cricket-balls."

"And what do you think?" asked Lorenzo.

"Why, sir, if he could, sir, I shouldn't mind measuring him, sir; one day he nearly got into my books—it was a wonderful escape. Lapel, broad, of course! A wonderful escape for me."

"How?"

"Why, sir, he came to my house, and talked about the—the penetration of matter, and asked me if I knew what was a first principle? And I said, yes."

"And do you mean to say," asked Silvertop, "that you understand first principles?"

"He's a poor tradesman as doesn't, sir,—ready money, sir.—That will do for the coat, sir.—Well, then, he talked and talked, and said there was no such thing in the world as color, sir; it was all a matter of eyesight; and more than that, there was no nothing in the world; that there was no wood, no bricks, no stones, no trees—nothing at all real, but only as we thought it. Well, sir, what do you think all this ended in?"

"I can't say," replied Silvertop; "but I am curious to learn."

"Why, it ended in his asking me to make him a beautiful olive-green coat, a scarlet waistcoat, and a pair of claret-colour trousers. I'd nearly done it, sir, on account of his talk. Yes, sir, I had out my measure and was going to take him, when I looked in his face, and seeing his mustaches, my heart failed me."

"What! at his mustaches?"

"Don't know how it is—but books speak for themselves, sir. If you was to see my ledger, among the bad debts, for every single flourish there's five double ones; that's how I mark 'em," said the emigmatical tailor.

"What do you mean by double flourish?" inquired the metaphysician.

"Why, the bad debts with mustaches, I used to make with two flourishes—I tried it for a year, sir, and you should see the majority. The fact is, sir, experience tells me never to take mustaches without a security."

"And did you tell the gentleman as much?" asked Lorenzo.

"No, sir; I didn't like to hurt his feelings;—not, sir, that philosophers, as I think, ever have any. So I took him on his own ground, and I said, 'Mr. Chisler, since you've convinced me that there is no colour, and no nothing—that it's all a vulgar prejudice what we see and touch, why can't you do as well in your rusty black coat, and your pepper-and-salt trousers with a hole in 'em, as if you'd a beautiful olive-green, and a pair of bran-new claret-colours?' So you see, sir, I got rid of him on first principles."

"And the other lodgers, Mr. Bunch?"

"Most respectable gentlemen: Mr. Swanquill's father—that's the attorney, sir—grows his own pine-apples at Brixton, man of undeniable name,

sir. Then, for Mr. Balance, the gentleman at the Bank, his uncle hasn't chick nor child, and doesn't know his wealth, sir."

"Tell me, Bunch," and Silvertop hesitated—then proceeded; "what do you think of Miss Buttons?"

The tailor turning his one eye up in the grave face of the metaphysician grinned and made answer, "A nice lump of a girl, sir."

Lorenzo Silvertop, dressing Bridget Buttons in the radiant colors of his own imagination, had pictured her a glorious creature—a thing of infinite grace and beauty—a being worthy of a Titian to paint, and a Petrarch to eulogize. To Silvertop, the man of sensibility, of wisdom, of profoundest speculation, the breeches-maker's daughter was a goddess; to the hunchback tailor, she was "a nice lump of a girl." Thus do men of imagination make idols, and thus do the wise sons of earth, in the blindness of their ignorance, profane them. That a divinity to one man, should be merely a "lump of a girl" to another.

"What I was about to ask, Mr. Bunch—that is—I—you are not aware that Bridget thinks of any of the young men up stairs?" added Silvertop.

"She!" exclaimed Bunch with some animation, "she wouldn't be seen to wipe her feet upon any of 'em. Take my word for that, sir—Bridget's been taught her worth, sir."

"I thought so; and yet in a lodging-house, where there are so many faces, and some very handsome,—for women, Mr. Bunch, are caught by good looks sooner than by—"

"I know it, sir; nobody better," said the hunchback quickly, shaking his head, and stretching himself as he spoke. "I've seen life, sir, and the best or worst half of life, sir, is made up of women. And now, sir—"

"She looks all purity," said Silvertop, "and then her color! Yes," and the metaphysician and lover of arts, muttered complacently to himself—"a Titian—a perfect Titian—damme!—a Titian."

"And now, sir," cried Bunch, "I have your measure for the whole suit, what do you think of the colors?"

"Titian—quite a Titian," repeated Silvertop, confounding Bridget Buttons with his coat, waistcoat, and trousers."

"Whatever you like, sir, it's all the same to me," and the tailor flung out upon the table a voluminous pattern-book.

"True—I see," said Lorenzo, "ha! now, what color?" Silvertop, placing his hand upon his lips, stood pondering on the many hues beneath him. Some minutes he remained in profoundest thought, the tailor now glancing at the bits of cloth, and now up at Silvertop—now deferentially pointing his finger towards one piece, now towards another, the metaphysician the while greatly perplexed by the different appeals of different hues. That he who had sounded the very depths of "Free Will" should be puzzled—his wits sent woolgathering by the color of a waistcoat!

"Now, I should say," at length began the tailor, "I should say for a coat of my own—"

The metaphysician deigned no word, but knitting his brows, and frowning the dwarf to silence, he stepped one pace backward, and rang the bell. In an instant, the face of Bridget Buttons beamed at the door.

"Biddy, child," said Silvertop, beckoning her forward, "you must make a choice."

"La! sir," cried Bridget, approaching the table.

"Well," cried the tailor, winking his wicked one eye at the maiden, "I should say no color but this; no, if I was a young woman, and a gentleman would give me a riding-habit, this color for my money."

"A riding-habit?" said Bridget, jerking round, and looking at the metaphysician, who looked again at her ripe, half-closed lips, as a boy looks at a peach. "A riding-habit! La, sir!"

"Do you ride, Biddy?" asked Silvertop, in gentlest tones.

"You should see her gallop a bit at Easter on Blackheath," cried the tailor.

"La! Mr. Bunch," exclaimed Bridget, blushing to her eyelids, "but you are such a man!"

"She rides!" thought the delighted Silvertop, "and a woman on horseback is a most beautiful thing—she has such a presence—such a look of courage—such a hardy daring—" and then Lorenzo, speaking aloud, said to the tailor, "Measure Miss Buttons for a habit."

"With pleasure, sir; but now the book's out, sir, if you'll make up your own mind for—"

"The lady shall choose. Biddy, my dear," and Silvertop took Bridget's hand, "in these matters I want taste, and—and—" all this time the metaphysician was squeezing the tips of Bridget's fingers with the greatest cordiality, the tailor grinning at the process.

"Biddy," at length said the impatient Bunch, "you must choose for the gentleman."

"Oh, dear me! Well, I never—oh, sir!" cried Bridget.

"She's as simple as a cherub," thought Silvertop.

"And so, let's begin with the coat," urged the unceremonious Bunch. "Come, suppose you was choosing for your husband—"

"Well, I never, Mr. Bunch!" said the blushing Bridget; and then she laughed and showed her rows of pearls, and the metaphysician, gazing at her, drew his breath heavily, and again muttered—

"A Titian—damme!—a Titian."

"Now, Biddy," cried the hunchback, "now, for the gentleman's coat."

"If I must, I must," said Bridget, and she let her eyes wander over the pattern-book, the eyes of Silvertop followed them. There was a moment's pause.

"Come, Biddy," exclaimed the tailor.

"Don't be in a hurry, man," cried the metaphysician, his wrath rising; "and—just to please me—call the young lady, Miss Buttons."

"Now, Miss Buttons," said the obedient, but grinning tailor. "Now for the coat."

"Well, I should say," observed Bridget hesitating, putting her finger to her lip, looking timidly at Lorenzo, and then pointing out a patch of bright apple-green—"I should say that."

"A very pretty coat it makes, too—great many of 'em worn," said the

tailor; and he immediately stuck a pin into the patch of apple-green. "And now for the waistcoat."

It was evident that Bridget had already made her election of the waistcoat-pattern, for she instantly, and with some determination, stuck her finger upon a very brilliant thing—a crimson ground, worked with buttercups.

"So much for that—very handsome, too," said Bunch, and he stuck a second pin. "And now, Biddy—Miss Buttons—there is only one more choice to make."

"Another, sir?" asked Biddy, looking with pretty helplessness at the all-admiring Silvertop.

"To be sure; it's a complete suit—there's another choice, of course," said the hunchback.

"Well, you are such a man!" said Bridget, and again she laughed, and blushed.

"Come, Miss Buttons," said the sarcastic tailor; "what shall we say for the—why, what stuff!—what trade's your father?"

"La, Mr. Bunch! Well is it? I'm sure I—how should I know! how should I tell any thing of—if I must then—that's a pretty thing," and Bridget turned her head aside, as she ventured to place her finger on the cloth, touching it as timidly as if it were a nettle.

"Very gay; and what isn't common with gay things, it wears well," said Bunch; and he stuck a third pin into a piece of sky-blue kerseymere, the chosen pattern for Silvertop's nether garments.

Oh, ye gods of Mount Olympus! Oh, ye heroes—oh, philosophers—oh, ye thousands, wisest of the wise turned into simpletons, and put into motley by the prettiest of the pretty—receive among ye a fellow-victim, take him to your arms; although the solemn metaphysician, the sloven Silvertop, he, under feminine influence, awhile disguised in a coat of apple-green, a vest of crimson dotted with buttercups of gold, the whole of his wardrobe to conclude with kerseymere of most celestial blue. Nor is this all, for Silvertop looks upon his livery with the profoundest complacency: he considers his colors, as of old, the knights considered the badges of their lady-loves, and thereupon glories in his metamorphosis.

Days pass, and every day Silvertop, thinking less of "Free Will," falls deeper into love. Bridget Button has risen upon his noon of life, the goddess of his future destiny. A goddess, nothing less; for how beautifully—how completely, can Silvertop explain away her defects,—nay, translate them into the most ravishing attractions! Her ignorance is the sweetest simplicity—her want of conversation, a most delicious humility—her frequent blushing, and a habit of playing with the corner of her apron an innocence, and that in the very heart of wicked London, almost pastoral. If she run along the floor, Silvertop thinks of Diana—if she put the tea-kettle on the fire, there is in her attitude, in the whole disposition of her figure, something inexpressible Raffaelesque; and thus, Bridget Buttons, homely daughter of a homely breeches-maker, walks and talks, and does her housewifery, encircled and dignified by a halo of grace and beauty,—the gift of an imagination, to her a riddle and a mystery, a thing at first to be smiled at, and then made merry with. How many Lorenzos have wedded Bridgets, the dowry of the bride, nothing more than what the fancy of the bridegroom hath bestowed; a fleeting good, waning almost with the honeymoon!

"Well, Williams, did she let you in?" asked Silvertop one day of a younger friend, to whom he had disclosed the story of his sudden admiration.

"Who?" inquired the new-comer, carelessly taking his seat.

"Who? Why, man, who but—hark! hark! that's she—"

"Oh! ha! I understand," said Williams, suddenly recollecting the divinity of the house.

"Did you ever hear a step like that?" asked Silvertop, just above his breath.

"I can hear nothing," answered the visiter.

"Ha! that's why it's so beautiful. She trips like a gazelle, sir—a gazelle; hark! there—there—now she's going up stairs—now she's—d—d—d that fellow!"

"What fellow?" answered the visiter.

"Why, that fellow in the first floor. Would you believe it, sir, he plays the flute, sir—the flute!"

"Well," said Williams, "and what of that?"

"What of that? Why—she has gone into his room. You'll hear him, sir, in a minute, women like the flute, sir—I know it. So it is; and some men can dance, some sing, some play the flute, now I—" and the metaphysician looked suddenly crest-fallen—"I can do nothing."

"You're a capital hit at backgammon," said the comforting Williams.

"Backgammon, sir!" exclaimed Silvertop, resenting even an allusion to the worthless accomplishment; "women don't care a dump for backgammon. Hark! she's coming down stairs—she's—no she isn't. This is too bad," said Silvertop; and then he quickly added, "but perhaps it's all for the best."

"Really sir," said Williams, "you take this matter very seriously; is it indeed, sir, a matter of the heart?"

"I bought her a muff yesterday," said the melancholy metaphysician.

"But, sir, you wouldn't marry her?" pressed Williams.

"And a gold chain," answered Silvertop.

"A servant at a lodging-house!" said Williams with a light laugh.

"You've not seen her, sir," fired Silvertop; "you've not seen her! Raphael would have worshipped her. All the regality of voluptuous beauty, sir; all the irresistible force of feminine grace—all that something in the face that carries a man off his legs, sir; all that dewy lustre of eye—that fruity pulpiness of lip—that—that—that—d—her!"

"Really sir," said Williams, very deferentially, "you should be cautious in this affair; because, a girl in her situation of life—you perceive—if you should be caught."

"That's it; and that's—no—I don't hear her yet—that's why I want you to come here often. Listen: you know, Williams, you're a good-looking fellow—yes, you are; tall, and young, and impudent with the women, and all that. Now, I want you to look at her—you understand—to look at her."

"And what then, sir?" asked Williams.

"What then? You can tell me how she receives it; whether she frowns or laughs, and—and so I shall be satisfied, confirmed of my hopes of her—of her—" and a slight flush colored the metaphysician's cheeks, "of her affection."

"You never talked to her of—of affection, sir?" inquired Williams, with some hesitation.

"When I gave her the muff yesterday," replied Silvertop, "she said she thought she could love me."

"Only thought she could," observed Williams.

"But, don't you perceive, sir," rejoined Silvertop, "there was great delicacy in that! And when I gave her a gold chain—"

"What did she say then, sir?"

"Then, sir—but you should have seen her look! Guido never did any thing finer—then she owned that I was the man to make any woman happy. I am forty-eight; and no woman before ever said as much to me. Now you, as a painter, Williams, will go mad about her; such form, such outline, such color—she's an angel, Williams."

"But she's a long time up stairs," said the artist.

"A d—d cat," growled the metaphysician. On this there was silence for some minutes, and Silvertop sat, intently listening. At length he jumped to his legs, and passionately exclaimed, "Why should she go up stairs?—I don't hear her, sir; not a footstep, sir; not a sound, sir; not the lightest."

At this moment, Mr. Swanquill began playing upon his flute, "Begone, dull care!"

"You hear that, sir," shouted Silvertop: "now that any woman could give up the conversation, the intellectual talk of a man like myself, to hear a fellow make a noise like that with a piece of wood! And there she'll stay, sir; stay, with her ears nailed to that puppy's fingering; why the devil, sir, couldn't she hear the flute in her own room—I ask that, sir?"

Williams, who was in no condition to return a satisfactory answer, remained silent.

"They're all alike, sir, all alike," continued Silvertop: "women, sir, are animals, mere animals, sir; not a bit more, sir; they've no minds, sir; no more minds than sieves—no more."

Here the musician stopped, and a smile began to break in Silvertop's face, and he stood breathless, listening for the foot of Bridget on the stairs. Suddenly, however, the minstrel struck up in a high key, the soul-inspiring air of "Bob and Joan;" Silvertop's face became black with passion; he gnashed his teeth, and striking his clenched fist upon the table, he roared, "I've done with her, it's all over, thank God! No; the woman who could listen to that—my dear fellow let us go out, I'll change my lodgings to-night. No, no, any thing but that tune; any thing but that." And the writer on "Free Will" sank gasping in his chair, the musician above continuing his dulcet strains. After a few minutes, Silvertop, who had sat in agony, violently pulled the bell. Bridget tripped down from the flute-player, and appeared before the metaphysical Silvertop.

"Did you ring, sir?" asked Bridget.

"I am going out—going out," growled Silvertop, frowning most furiously.

"Yes, sir," said Bridget; and with no further words she quitted the room. A pause ensued.

"Williams," at length spoke the philosopher; "Williams, you know the Cleopatra of Michael Angelo?"

"Very well, sir," replied the painter; "a mighty, a glorious thing."

"Humph!" said Silvertop musing. "No, I don't mean Cleopatra, that's not quite it. But you recollect Eve, sir; Michael Angelo's Eve, sir?"

"Perfectly," said Williams; "magical union of grandeur and sweetness."

"The Eve, sir, plucking the apple? You recollect the—the shuddering consciousness that seems to creep over her—the shadow falling on her lustrous face, betokening the unborn consequence!"

"I recollect, sir; you have again placed her quite before me," said the painter.

"Well, sir," continued the philosopher, rubbing his knees, "did you see nothing of that just now?"

"Where, sir?"

"Here, sir," answered Silvertop.

"Michael Angelo's Eve!" cried the astonished painter.

"I mean, sir, if you had your eyes, did you see nothing when the girl came in that—that at first forcibly reminded you of the freshness of Titian, suddenly saddened into the severity of Buonarrotti—I mean, when I frowned at her, there was Eve, sir, a perfect Eve."

"She is very handsome—a remarkably fine girl," said Williams; "good teeth, too."

"Teeth!" cried Silvertop; "good God! sir, look at her outline."

"Very nice," said the painter.

"Nice!" exclaimed the philosopher; "did you see the line from her ear to her shoulder—is there any thing like it? In all the great masters, any thing comparable to it?"

"It's a pity she hasn't a better taste in music," said Williams—we think, maliciously.

"Oh, an animal, sir, quite an animal; I have done with her!" cried the inexorable metaphysician. "Thank God, I've found her out in time; it might have been too late, sir; but I've done with her."

A low tap was heard at the door, and then it was immediately opened and again Bridget Buttons stood before Silvertop. He sat in his chair like one enchanted, gazing with unmoved eyes upon the face of the maiden, who with downcast looks, gently advanced towards him. Something she carried in her open right hand; Silvertop spoke not. Bridget approached his chair, and smiling, and her eyes being slowly raised to a snow-white garment, carefully folded, and borne in her right palm, she spoke in most melodious voice, "You said you was going out, sir."

"Well!" said the mollified metaphysician—"well?"

"Your aired shirt, sir;" and saying this, Bridget put forth her right hand towards the sitting philosopher, who looked now at the folded shirt, and now at the bearer; his rigid face relaxing into a look of the deepest

devotion, and so for two or three minutes, he sat, silent and admiring. Bridget stood, and received the fire of his eyes with nerve incomparable. She made no attempt to lay the shirt upon the table; the philosopher offered not to take it from her hand; and thus the maid and the metaphysician might have remained, we know not how long, two statues, "to enchant the world," had not Williams began, we fear to keep down his laughter, to cough very violently. On this, Silvertop gently half-rose from his seat, and opening his hand, advanced it to the shirt-carrying hand of Bridget; she, with sympathizing delicacy, shifted the garment from her palm to the palm of Silvertop, as though it were a rose-leaf passed from hand to hand, when, the operation silently finished, Bridget, with a new smile and almost a look at Silvertop, swam from the room.

The metaphysician stood, gazing at the door, with the shirt in his hand; he then laid it reverently upon the table, and fully awakened to his state of bliss, giving himself a smart slap on the thigh, he cried, with an exulting voice, "She has me again!"

Williams was about to speak, when a loud knock at the door, demanded the attention of Silvertop. "Hush!" cried he; "I think I know who this is. Come in."

In obedience to the mandate, a tall, rustic-looking man entered the room, and stood, now stroking his hair, and now smoothing his hat. "Oh!" cried Silvertop, "take a chair, Mr. Hawkweed;" and Mr. Hawkweed immediately complied. "Well, and how do we get on? Oh! you may speak before this gentleman; how do we get on?"

"Capital, sir; as well as heart could wish; quite purely, sir," replied Hawkweed.

"Well; let me hear: proceed," said Silvertop; "what happened yesterday?"

"Going down stairs," said Hawkweed, "I winked my eye, and pinched her elbow."

"Well?" asked the metaphysician, with an anxious face.

"She fetched me a slap on the cheek, and told me not to pinch my betters."

"I thought as much," said Silvertop, "what followed then?"

"In the afternoon, I chucked her under the chin, and trod upon her toe."

"Ha!" cried Silvertop, "what followed then?"

"She called me a ploughman brute, and said her father should give me warning."

"Yes, to be sure," said the satisfied philosopher. "Well, that's all, I suppose?"

"When she let me in last night," continued Hawkweed, "I caught her round the neck, and swore I'd have a kiss. She said, if I did, she'd squeal. I did have a kiss."

"Well!" exclaimed Silvertop.

"And she didn't squeal," said Hawkweed.

"To be sure, it was late, and she might have disturbed the house, and—there, that will do, Mr. Hawkweed; you needn't kiss her again," said Silvertop.

"Just as you please, sir—it's all the same to me;" and with this avowal, Mr. Hawkweed scraped a bow, and lounged out of the room.

"There now—what do you think of him? Handsome fellow for a clown, isn't he?—red cheeks, curly hair, tall stalwart rogue—just the animal to take a girl's fancy, if she hadn't some refinement; and yet, you hear—you hear how she resents his advances!"

"Who is he?" asked Williams, in astonishment.

"The fellow lives here—luckiest thing in the world, sir; he took the attic the very day that the scamp with the mustaches left. Well, sir, I've retained him; treated him to make love to the girl, sir; and you hear," cried the exulting Silvertop, "you hear what she thinks of it. You know I can't be too cautious; but now, I think, I may swear for her. It would be hard at my time of life to be tricked, and so I—I am justified in making every experiment upon her affection."

"And is it possible, sir," questioned Williams; "do you really propose marrying the wench?"

"Wench! Raphael never painted wenches, sir; and she's quite a piece of the old masters; don't say wench, Williams; is Corregio's Venus a wench? Stay," continued Silvertop, as Williams rose to depart. "You are new here; she has not seen you before; now, as you go out, just—you understand me—just look at her."

"Well, sir, if 'twill give you any satisfaction, as far as a wink goes, I—"

"You know what I mean, and as a friend, let me know how she receives it." Saying this, Silvertop rang the bell, and Bridget appeared to show Williams to the door. The metaphysician sat with quickened ears to catch the slightest sound. He heard no syllable; all was hushed. Surely Williams was not all this time in the passage, and yet Silvertop had not heard the street-door close. Was it—could it be Bridget smothering a laugh! The philosopher violently pulled the bell—there was a hurrying sound in the passage—the street-door was flung to—and in the same instant, the placid Bridget presented herself to the summons of Silvertop.

"Did you ring, sir?" asked Bridget.

"I—Biddy!" and Silvertop looked in her face, and smiled at its sweet tranquillity. "Biddy—I have changed my mind—I shall stay at home to-night, Biddy."

"Very well, sir—thank you, sir," and Bridget, taking the shirt, tripped from the room.

"I'll marry her—I will," said Silvertop to himself, "and finish 'Free Will' afterwards."

A fortnight had elapsed, and every thing had jumped to confirm the metaphysician in his goodly purpose of marriage. He had received numberless proofs of the purity of Bridget—of her ingenuousness—her decided preference for him above all men. Silvertop felt proudly satisfied that he was the first man who had taught her heart to throb with sweet emotions. She had never—he could take his affidavit to the flattering fact—never loved before. He, Lorenzo Silvertop, was Bridget Buttons's first and only passion.

"I will immediately speak to her father," was the determination of Silvertop one morning after breakfast, such resolve being, we strongly sus-

pect, assisted by a remarkably pretty cap, worn for the first time by Bridget. "It is but a mob-cap," said the admiring Silvertop, as the girl left the room; "yet on her head it becomes classical. I'll speak to her father."

Even as Silvertop muttered the words, a knock was heard at his door, and who should present himself but Adam Buttons, breeches-maker, and father to Bridget. "Some men," thought Silvertop, "would take this as a happy augury;" then said to the breeches-maker, "Mr. Buttons, take a chair."

"You're very good, sir—very good, indeed," said Adam, seating himself, and trying to look at his ease.

"Mr. Buttons," said Silvertop, "you are a very happy man, Mr. Buttons."

"Why, sir, I manage to make both ends meet, sir; pay the rates and all that," said Adam.

"But, sir, you have a peculiar source of happiness," observed Silvertop.

"'Tis not for me to brag, sir," replied the modest breeches-maker; "but I believe my cut's as good as any in the city; I've made, sir, for two Lord Mayors in my time, three Sheriffs, and half-a-dozen Aldermen."

"I alluded, Mr. Buttons, to your happiness as a father," said Silvertop.

"Why, yes, Biddy's a good un, sir—a real good un; shall lose our righthand, sir, when she goes."

"Goes!" exclaimed the metaphysician; and he felt a spasm about the region of his heart.

"Gals must marry, sir, some time," said the breeches-maker.

"True," replied the philosopher.

"There's no help for it, sir; none, sir, unless to be sure, they keep single and that's all very well, sir, when father and mother's alive: but, as I'm getting old, sir, and, howsoever, sir, to make a long matter short, I shall not be sorry to get Biddy off my hands."

Silvertop unconsciously shrank at the homeliness of the breeches-maker, and then prepared himself to receive the proposition of the father, who was evidently come to have with his lodger a proper understanding.

"You have been very good indeed to us, since you have been here—indeed, I may say, quite a blessing to the house," said Buttons.

"Say not a word about it," entreated the modest Silvertop.

"I'm sure Bridget does nothing but talk about you—I'm sure, sir—I—I ask your pardon, sir; but I can hardly get out what I was going to say."

"I believe, Mr. Buttons, I can almost interpret the object of your visit," said Silvertop.

"Only to think, sir—if you should!" remarked Buttons.

"Is it not about the—the settlement—that is, the marriage of your daughter?"

"You're as good as a witch, sir."

"Believe me, Mr. Buttons," said the metaphysician, offering his hand to the breeches-maker, "believe me, sir, I was about to address you, and this very morning, too, on that most interesting subject."

"Only to think!" repeated Buttons.

"Pray do not mistake me—but you give no dowry with Miss Bridget?"

"Dowry, sir?" asked Buttons, possibly unconscious of the meaning of the word—"dowry?"

"I mean you give her no fortune?" asked Silvertop.

Buttons gently rubbed his hands, smiled, and answered, "Why, sir, not much in that way."

"Well, never mind," said Silvertop; "my means, though not great, are tolerably well."

"I thought he would—I was sure of it," was the silent opinion of the gladdened father; "I knew he'd give her something handsome."

"I shall put you to no expense whatever," said Silvertop, "I shall defray all the expenses of the ceremony—the fitting out of the bride—indeed, every thing myself."

The munificence of the lodger was too much for the landlord; Buttons rose, and seizing both hands of Silvertop, declared him to the noblest gentleman that ever lived. What had he—Buttons—done to have deserved such a friend? "You will indeed, make Bridget happy," said her father.

"I hope," said Silvertop, very meekly, "I hope I shall."

"Well, sir, as all that's settled, I hope you won't think that I'm in much of a hurry, if I say Monday next. Will that day be quite convenient, sir?" asked Buttons.

"Monday next!" There was something in the naming of this day—in this fixing of the time, that made Silvertop pause; it was but for a minute, for with admirable self-possession, he observed—"Well, as it is to be—perhaps, the sooner the better. Say Monday."

"Bridget, sir, has fixed on Bow church. No objection, I hope, to Bow church, sir?"

"None, whatever; only, I have to request that the ceremony may pass off as quietly as possible, let us have no crowd, Mr. Buttons: don't let us make a show of ourselves," said Silvertop.

"Certainly not, sir—it isn't decent; just a dozen friends or two, and nobody more. Biddy, sir, has set her heart upon Gravesend, sir; no objection, I hope to Gravesend?" asked Buttons.

"Gravesend—what do you mean? Gravesend!" cried Silvertop.

"To spend the honeymoon at, sir; you know, we can all go down and see her at Gravesend, sir; a pretty place, sir, for young people, sir."

"If Biddy have a preference for Gravesend," said Silvertop.

"She's such a gall for shrimps, sir," cried Buttons, and so fond of the sea. What's more, she's never ill."

"We can talk about Gravesend; all the principal points, are I hope, settled. The ceremony is to take place on Monday—at Bow church—"

"And you, sir, see to the dinner, and all that! Ecod! sir, I'm the happiest breeches-maker in the world—I am, indeed, sir; and how happy Bridget's husband will be!"

"I hope it," said Silvertop.

"I'm sure of it," exclaimed Buttons; and as he spoke he opened the door, and forcibly pulled in Bunch, the hump-backed tailor, Bridget Buttons, with downcast eyes, following him.

"Mr. Bunch!" said Silvertop with dignified surprise.

"Thank him, Joel, for the best friend you have in the world," and

Buttons pushed Bunch towards the metaphysician; "thank him—he'll find the wedding dinner—fit out your wife, and all."

"Wife! wife!" cried Silvertop, turning pale; "what is all this?"

"My wife, sir, as is to be on Monday, sir," said Bunch, introducing Bridget Buttons.

"Marry you!" screamed the metaphysician.

"It's been a settled job these six months, cried Bunch, smirking.

"You marry him!" raved Silvertop at Bridget, looking with inexpressible loathing at the self-complacent lump of deformity—"you marry him! Impossible. What! do you love him!" roared Silvertop. "Answer me. I say, do you love him?"

Bridget Buttons took up the corner of her apron, glanced at Silvertop, then at Bunch, and coloring, said—"La! sir."

The metaphysician groaned; his whole frame quivered with passion, and it was with considerable difficulty that he asked—"If—if this infernal porwiggie is to marry your daughter—what did you come to ask of me?"

"To give her away, sir," said the breeches-maker.

To the horror of the metaphysician, Bridget Buttons, that incarnation of grace and sweetness, became the wife of Joel Bunch. The happy couple were married at ten o'clock in the morning at Bow church, and at six were seen in a Gravesend boat embarked for the place of their honeymoon. Bridget looked remarkably well; her riding-habit, her muff, tip-pet, and gold-chain attracting the admiration of all beholders.

Lorenzo Silvertop is still a bachelor, and still at work on "Free Will."

HANDY ANDY.

[The reader will remember that at the close of the last chapter of this diverting story, the fishing party had approached the shore, where they descried Handy Andy in the custody of Squire O'Grady and his servants, whereon they immediately pulled away in the opposite direction; but not before Andy had recognised the Englishman, whom he was accused of having drowned the night before.]

When Dick Dawson and Murtough Murphy rowed back up the river with Johnstone, they left Andy in the hands of Squire O'Grady, still threatening vengeance. Andy, as long as the boats remained in sight, heard nothing but his own sweet voice shouting at the top of its pitch, "They're going to murder me!—Misther Dick, Misther Dick, come back for the love o' God!"

"What are you roaring like a bull for?" said the Squire.

"Why wouldn't I roar, sir? A bull would roar if he had as much reason."

"A bull has more reason than ever you had, you calf," said the Squire.

"Sure there he is, and can explain it all to you," said Andy, pointing after the boats.

"Who is there?" asked the Squire.

"Misther Dick, and the jintleman himself that I dhruv there—"

"Drove where?"

"To the Squire's."

"What Squire's?"

"Squire Egan's, to be sure."

"Hold your tongue, you rascal; you're either drunk still or telling lies. The gentleman I mean wouldn't go to Mister Egan's; he was coming to me."

"That's the jintleman I dhruv—that's all I know. He was in the shay, and was nigh shootin' me; and Micky Doolin stopped on the road, when his brother was nigh killed, and towld me to get up, for he wouldn't go no farther, when the jintleman objected—"

"What did the gentleman object to?"

"He objected to Pether goin' into the shay."

"Who is Peter?"

"Pether Doolin, to be sure."

"And what brought Peter Doolin there?"

"He fell off the horse's—"

"Wasn't it Mick Doolin you said was driving but a moment ago?"

"Ay, sir; but that was th'other shay."

"What other chaise, you vagabond?"

"Th'other shay, your honour, that I never seen at all, good or bad—only Pether."

"What infernal confusion you are making of the story, to be sure!—there's no use in talking to you here, I see. Bring him after me," said the Squire to some of his people standing by. "I must keep him in custody till something more satisfactory is made out about the matter."

"Sure it's not makin' a presner of me you'd be?" said Andy.

"You shall be kept in confinement, you scoundrel, till something is heard of this strange gentleman. I'm afraid he's drowned."

"D—la dhrown'd. I dhruv him to Squire Egan's, I'll take my book oath."

"That's downright nonsense, sir. He would as soon go into Squire Egan's house as go to Fiddler's Green."

"Faith, then, there's worse places than Fiddler's Green," said Andy, "as some people may find out one o' these days."

"I think, boys," said O'Grady to the surrounding countrymen, "we must drag the river."

"Dhrag the river, if you please," said Andy; "but, for the tendher mercy o' heaven, don't dhrag me to jail! By all the crosses in a yard o' check, I dhruv the jintleman to Squire Egan's!—and there he was in that boat I showed you five minutes agone."

"Bring him after me," said O'Grady. "The fellow is drunk still, or forgets all about it,—I must examine him again. Take him over to the hall, and lock him up in the justice-room till I go home."

"Arrah, sure, your honour—" said Andy, commencing an appeal.

"If you say another word, you scoundrel," said the Squire, shaking his whip at him, "I'll commit you to jail this minute. Keep a sharp eye after him Molloy," were the last words of the Squire to a stout-built peasant,

who took Andy in charge as the Squire mounted his horse and rode away.

Andy was marched off to Neck-or-nothing Hall; and, in compliance with the Squire's orders, locked up in the justice-room. This was an apartment where the Squire in his magisterial capacity dispensed what he called justice, and what he possibly meant to be such; but poor Justice, coming out of Squire O'Grady's hands, was something like the little woman in the song, who having her petticoats cut short while she was asleep, exclaimed on her waking,

"As sure as I'm a little woman, this is none of I."

Only that Justice in the present instance doubted her identity, not from her nakedness, but from the peculiar dressing Squire O'Grady bestowed upon her. She was so muffled up in O'Gradyism, that her own mother, who by the same token was Themis, wouldn't know her. Indeed, if I remember, Justice is worse off than mortals respecting her parentage; for while there are many people who do not know who were their fathers, poets are uncertain who was Justice's mother:—some say Aurora, some say Themis. Now, if I might indulge at this moment in a bit of reverie, it would not be unreasonable to suppose that it is the classic disposition of Ireland, which is known to be a very ancient country, that tends to make the operations of Justice assimilate with the uncertainty of her birth; for her dispensations there, are as distinct as if they were the offspring of two different influences. One man's justice is not another man's justice;—which I suppose must arise from the difference of opinion as to who or what Justice is. Perhaps the rich people, who incline to power, may venerate Justice more as the child of Jupiter and Themis; while the unruly worship her as the daughter of Titan and Aurora; for undoubtedly the offspring of Aurora must be most welcome to "Peep-o'-day boys."

Well,—not to indulge further in reverie,—Andy, I say, was locked up in the justice-room; and, as I have been making all these observations about Justice, a few words will not be thrown away about the room which she was supposed to inhabit. Then I must say Squire O'Grady did not use her well. The room was a cold comfortless apartment, with a plastered wall and an earthen floor, save at one end, where a raised platform of boards sustained a desk and one high office-chair. No other seat was in the room, nor was there any lateral window, the room being lighted from the top, so that Justice could be no way interested with the country outside—she could only contemplate her native heaven through the sky-light. Behind the desk was placed a rude shelf, where some "modern instances," and old ones too, were lying covered with dust—and a gunrack, where some carbines with fixed bayonets were paraded in show of authority; so that, to an imaginative mind, the aspect of the books and the fire-arms gave the notion of Justice on the shelf, and Law on the rack.

But Andy thought not of those things; he had not the imagination which sometimes gives a prisoner a passing pleasure in catching a whimsical conceit from his situation, and in the midst of his suffering anticipating the satisfaction he shall have in saying a good thing, even at the expense of his own suffering. Andy only knew that he was locked up in the justice-room for something he never did. He had only sense enough to feel that he was wronged, without the spirit to wish himself righted; and he sauntered up and down the cold miserable room, anxiously awaiting the arrival of "his honour, Squire O'Grady," to know what would be done with him, and wondering if they could hang him for upsetting a post-chaise in which a gentleman had been riding, rather than brooding future means of redress for his false imprisonment.

There was no window to look out of—he had not the comfort of seeing a passing fellow-creature; for the sight of one's kind is a comfort. He could not even see the green earth and the freshness of nature, which, though all unconsciously, has still a soothing influence on the most uncultivated mind; he had nothing but the walls to look at, which were blank, save here and there that they were relieved by some grotesque faces, and figures, and rhymes, scratched with rusty nails by rustier policemen, while lounging in the justice-room during the legal decisions of the great O'Grady. These were gone over again and again by Andy till they were worn out,—all but one,—a rough representation of a man hanging, and this possessed a sort of fascination for poor Andy; for at last, relinquishing all others, he stood rivetted before this, and muttered to himself,—"I wonder can they hang me. Squire Egan towld me long ago I'd be hanged some day or other.—I wonder does my mother know I'm tuk away—and Oonah too:—the crathur would be sorry for me. Maybe if the mother spoke to Squire Egan, his honour would say a good word for me. Though that wouldn't do; for him and Squire O'Grady's bitter inimities now, though they wor once good frinds.—Och hone!—sure that's the way o' the world—and a cruel hard world it is—so it is.—Sure 'twould be well to be out of it a'most, and in a better world.—I hope there's no po'-chaises in heaven!"

The soliloquy of poor Andy was interrupted by a low measured sound of thumping, which his accustomed ear at once distinguished to be the result of churning, the room in which he was confined being one of a range of offices that stretched backward from the principal building, and happened to be next door to the dairy. Andy had grown tired by this time of his repeated contemplation of the rhymes and the sketches, his own thoughts thereon, and his long confinement; and now the monotonous sound of the churn-dash falling on his ear, acted as a sort of *husho*,* and the worried and wearied Andy at last lay down on the platform, and fell asleep to the bumping lullaby.

In the mean time how did affairs go on at Merryvale? Murphy, Dick, and Johnstone, having returned from their fishing excursion to dinner, let us suppose them seated round the hospitable board of Squire Egan in high glee, at still successfully hoodwinking Johnstone, and carrying on their mystification with infinite frolic.

The soup had been removed, and they were in the act of enjoying the salmon, which had already given so much enjoyment, when a loud knocking at the door announced the arrival of some fresh guest.

"Did you ask any one to dinner, my dear?" inquired Mrs. Egan of her

* The nurses' song for setting a child to sleep, which they pronounce softly, "*Ausaho*."

good-humoured lord, who was the very man to invite any friend he met in the course of the day, and forget it after.

"No, my dear," answered the Squire. "Did you, Dick?" said he.

Dick replied in the negative, and said he had better go and see who it was; for looks of alarm had been exchanged between him, the Squire, and Murphy, lest any stranger should enter the room without being apprized of the noax going forward; and Dawson had just reached the door on his cautionary mission, when it was suddenly thrown wide open, and in walked, with a rapid step, and bustling air, an active little gentleman dressed in black, who was at Mrs. Egan's side in a moment, exclaiming with a very audible voice and much *empressment* of manner,

"My dear Mrs. Egan, how do you do? I'm delighted to see you. Took a friend's privilege, you see, and have come unbidden to claim the hospitality of your table. The fact is, I was making a sick visit to this side of my parish; and, finding it impossible to get home in time to my own dinner, I had no scruple in laying yours under contribution.

Now this was the Protestant clergyman of the parish, whose political views were in opposition to those of Mr. Egan; but the good hearts of both men prevented political feeling from interfering, as in Ireland it too often does, with the social intercourse of life. Still, however, even if Dick Dawson had got out of the room in time, this was not the man to assist them in covering their hoax on Johnstone, and the scene became excessively ludicrous the moment the reverend gentleman made his appearance. Dick, the Squire, and Murphy opened their eyes at each other, while Mrs. Egan grew as red as scarlet when Johnstone stared at her in astonishment as the new comer mentioned her name,—she stammered out welcome as well as she could, and called for a chair for Mr. Bermingham, with all sorts of kind inquiries for Mrs. Bermingham and the little Berminghams,—for the Bermingham manufactory in that line was extensive.

While the reverend doctor was taking his seat, spreading his napkin, and addressing a word to each round the table, Johnstone turned to Fanny Dawson, beside whom he was sitting, (and who, by the bye, could not resist a fit of laughter on the occasion,) and said, with a bewildered look,

"Did he not address *Madame* as *Mistress* Egan?"

"Yeth," said Fanny, with admirable readiness; "but whither?" And as Johnstone inclined his head towards her, she whispered in his ear—"You muthn't mind him—he's mad, poor man!—that ith, a *little* inthane,—and thinks every lady is Mrs. Egan.—an unhappy patshion, poor fellow!—but *quite* harmleth."

Johnstone uttered a very prolonged "Oh!" at Fanny's answer to his inquiry, and looked sharply round the table; for there was an indefinable something in the conduct of every one at the moment of Mr. Bermingham's entrance that attracted his attention, and the name "Egan," and everybody's *figityness*, (which is the only word I can apply,) roused his suspicion. Fanny's answer only half satisfied him; and looking at Mrs. Egan, who could not conquer her confusion, he remarked,—"*How vewy* wed *Mistress* O'Gwady gwew?"

"Oh, she can't help blutching, poor thoul! when he thays 'Egan' to her, and thinks her his *furth* love."

"How *vewy* widiculous, to be sure," said Johnstone.

"Haven't you innothent mad people thumtimes in England?" said Fanny.

"Oh, vewy," said Johnstone; "but this appea's to me so wema'kably etwange an abbevation—"

"Oh," returned Fanny with quickness, "I thuppose people go mad on their ruling patshion, and the ruling patshion of the Irish, you know, is love."

The conversation all this time was going on in other quarters, and Johnstone heard Mr. Bermingham talking of his having preached last Sunday in his new church.

"Suwely," said Johnstone to Fanny, "they would not pe'mit an insane cle'gyman to pweach?"

"Oh," said Fanny, almost suffocating with laughter, "he only *thinkth* he's a clergyman."

"How vewy dwoll you are!" said Johnstone.

"Now you're only quithing me," said Fanny, looking with affected innocence in the face of the unfortunate young gentleman she had been quizzing most unmercifully the whole day.

"Oh, *Miste'* O'Gwady," said Johnstone, "we saw them going to ddown a man to-day."

"Indeed!" said the Squire reddening, as he saw Mr. Bermingham stare at Johnstone when he called him O'Grady; so, to cover the blot, and stop Johnstone, he asked him to take some wine.

"Do they often ddown people here?" continued Johnstone after he had bowed.

"Not that I know of," said the Squire.

"But are not the lowe' o'ders wather given to what Lo'd Bacon calls—"

"Who cares about Lord Bacon?" said Murphy.

"My dear sir, you supwise me!" said Johnstone in utter amazement.

"Lo'd Bacon's sayings—"

"By my sowl," said Murphy, "both himself and his sayings are very *rusty* by this time."

"Oh, I see *Miste'* Muffy.—You neve' will be sewious."

"God forbid!" said Murphy,—"*at dinner, at least,—or after.* Seriousness is only a morning amusement;—it makes a very poor figure in the evening."

"By the bye," said Mr. Bermingham, "talking of drowning, I heard a very odd story to-day from O'Grady. You and he, I believe," said the clergyman, addressing Egan, "are not on as good terms as you were."

At this speech Johnstone did *rather* open his eyes, the Squire hummed and hawed, Murphy coughed, Mrs. Egan looked into her plate, and Dick, making a desperate dash to the rescue, asked Johnstone which he preferred, a single or a double barrelled gun.

Mr. Bermingham, perceiving the sensation his question created, thought he had touched upon forbidden ground, and therefore did not repeat his question, and Fanny whispered Johnstone that one of the stranger's mad peculiarities was mistaking one person for another; but all this did not

satisfy Johnstone, whose misgivings as to the real name of his host were growing stronger every moment. At last Mr. Bermingham, without alluding to the broken friendship between Egan and O'Grady, returned to the "odd story" he had heard that morning about drowning.

"'Tis a very strange affair," said he, "and our side of the country is all alive about it. A gentleman that was expected from Dublin last night at Neck-or-nothing Hall, arrived, as it is ascertained, at the village, and thence took a post-chaise, since which time he has not been heard of; and as a post-chaise was discovered this morning sunk in the river close by Ballyslough-guthery bridge, it is suspected the gentleman has been drowned either by accident or design. The postilion is in confinement on suspicion, and O'Grady has written to the Castle about it to-day, for the gentleman was a government officer."

"Why, sir," said Johnstone, "that must be me!"

"You, sir!" said Mr. Bermingham, whose turn it was to be surprised now.

"Yes, sir," said Johnstone. "I took a post-chaise at the village last night,—and I'm an office' of the gove'ment."

"But you're not drowned, sir,—and he was," said Bermingham.

"To be su'e I'm not ddowned; but I'm the pe'son."

"Quite impossible, sir," said Mr. Bermingham. "You can't be the person."

"Why, sir, do you expect to pe'swade me out of my own identity?"

"Oh," said Murphy, "there will be no occasion to prove identity till the body is found, and the coroner's inquest sits;—that's the law, sir,—at least in Ireland."

Johnstone's bewildered look at the unblushing impudence of Murphy was worth anything. While he was dumb from astonishment, Mr. Bermingham with marked politeness, said,

"Allow me, sir, for a moment to explain to you. You see, it could not be you, for the gentleman was going to Mr. O'Grady's."

"Well, sir," said Johnstone, "and here I am."

The wide stare of the two men as they looked at each other was killing; and while Johnstone's face was turned towards Mr. Bermingham, Fanny caught the clergyman's eye, and while she twitched her thumb over her left shoulder towards Johnstone, she tapped her forehead with the forefinger of her right hand, shook her head, and turned up her eyes with an expression of pity, to indicate that he was mad.

"Oh, I beg pardon, sir," said Mr. Bermingham. "I see it's a mistake of mine."

"There certainly is a vewy gweat mistake somewhere," said Johnstone, who was now bent on a very direct question. "Pway, *Miste'* O'Gwady," said he, addressing Egan,—"*that is if you are Miste'* O'Gwady,—will you tell me *are* you *Miste'* O'Gwady?"

"Sir," said the Squire, "you have chosen to call me O'Grady ever since you came here,—but my name is Egan."

"What!—the member for the county?" said Johnstone, horrified.

"Yes," said the Squire laughing. "Do you want a frank?"

"'Twill save your friends postage," said Dick, "when you write to them to say you're safe."

"*Miste'* Wegan," said Johnstone, with an attempt at offended dignity, "I conside' myself vewy ill used."

"You're the first man I ever heard of being ill used in Merryvale house," said Murphy.

"Sir, it is a gwievous w'ong!"

"What *is* all this about?" asked Mr. Bermingham.

"My dear friend," said the Squire laughing,—though, indeed, that was not peculiar to *him*, for every one round the table, save the victim, was doing the same thing, (as for Fanny, she *shouted*),—"My dear friend, this gentleman came to my house last night, and I took him for a friend of Moriarty's, whom I have been expecting for some days. He thought, it appears, this was Neck-or-nothing Hall, and thus a mutual mistake has arisen. All I can say is, that you are most welcome, Mr. Johnstone, to the hospitality of this house as long as you please."

"But, sir, you should not have allowed me to wemain in you' house," said Johnstone.

"That's a doctrine," said the Squire, "in which you will find it difficult to make an Irish host coincide."

"But you must have known, sir, that it was not my intention to come to your house."

"How could I know that, sir?" said the Squire jocularly.

"Why, *Miste'* Wegan—you know—that is—in fact—D---n it, sir," said Johnstone at last, losing his temper, "you know I told you all about our electioneering tactics."

A loud laugh was all the response Johnstone received to this outbreak.

"Well, sir," repeated he, "I pwotest it is d---d unfair!"

"You know, my dear sir," said Dick, "we Irish are such *poor ignorant creatures*, according to your own account, that we can make no use of the knowledge with which you have so generously supplied us."

"You know," said the Squire, "we have no *real* finesse."

"Sir," said Johnstone, growing sulky, "there is a certain finesse that is *fair* and another that is *unfair*—and I pwotest against—"

"Pooh! pooh!" said Murphy. "Never mind trifles. Just wait till to-morrow, and I'll show you even better salmon-fishing than you had to-day."

"Sir, no considewation would make me wemain anothe' whou' in this house."

Murphy, screwing his lips together, puffed out something between a whistle and the blowing out of a candle, and ventured to suggest to Johnstone he had better wait even a couple of hours, till he had got his allowance of claret. "Remember the adage, sir,—*in vino veritas*," and we'll tell you all our electioneering secrets after we've had enough wine."

"As soon, *Miste'* Wegan," said Johnstone, quite chopfallen, "as you can tell me how I can get to the house to which I *intended* to go, I will be weady to bid you good evening."

"If you are determined, Mr. Johnstone, to remain here no longer, I shall not press my hospitality on you; whenever you decide on going, my carriage shall be at your service."

"The sooner the better," said Johnstone, retreating still further into a cold and sulky manner.

The Squire made no farther attempt to conciliate him, he merely said, "Dick, ring the bell. Pass the claret, Murphy."

The bell was rung—the claret passed—a servant entered, and orders were given by the Squire that the carriage should be at the door as soon as possible. In the interim, Dick Dawson, the Squire, and Murphy, laughed as if nothing had happened, and Mrs. Egan conversed in an under-tone with Mr. Birmingham. Fanny looked mischievous, and Johnstone kept his hand on the foot of his glass, and shoved it about, something in the fashion of an uncertain chess-player, who does not know where to put the piece on which he has laid his finger.

The carriage was soon announced, and Mrs. Egan, as Johnstone seemed so anxious to go, rose from table; and as she retired he made her a cold and formal bow. He attempted a tender look, and soft word, to Fanny,—for Johnstone, who thought himself a *beau garçon*, had been playing off his attractions upon her all day, but the mischievously merry Fanny Dawson when she caught the sheepish eye, and heard the mumbled gallantry of the Castle Adonis, could not resist a titter, which obliged her to hide her dimpling cheek and pearly teeth in her handkerchief as she passed to the door. The ladies being gone, the Squire asked Johnstone, would he not have some more wine before he went.

"No, thank you, Miste' Wegan," said Johnstone; "after being twicked in the manner that a—"

"Mr. Johnstone," said the Squire, "you have said quite enough about that. When you came to my house last night, sir, I had no intention of practising any joke upon you. You should have had the hospitality of an Irishman's house, without the consequence that has followed, had you not indulged in sneering at the Irishman's country. You vaunted your own superior intelligence and finesse over us, sir; and told us you came down to overthrow poor Pat in the trickery of electioneering movements. Under those circumstances, sir, I think what we have done is quite fair. We have shown you that you are no match for us in the finesse upon which you pride yourself so much; and the next time you talk of the Irish, and attempt to undervalue them, just remember how you have been outwitted at Merryvale House. Good evening, Mr. Johnstone. I hope we part without owing each other any ill-will." The Squire offered his hand, but Johnstone drew up, and amidst such expletives as "weally," and "I must say," he at last made use of the word "atwocious."

"What's that you say?" said Dick. "You don't speak very plain, and I'd like to be sure of the last word you used."

"I mean to say that a—" and Johnstone, not much liking the *tone* of Dick's question, was humming and hawing a sort of explanation of what "he meant to say" when Dick thus interrupted him,—

"I tell you this, Mr. Johnstone,—all that has been done is my doing—I've humbugged you, sir—*humbugged*. I've sold you—dead. I've pumped you, sir—all your electioneering bag tricks, *bribery*, and all, exposed; and, now go off to O'Grady, and tell him how the poor ignorant Irish have done you: and, see, Mr. Johnstone," added Dick in a quiet under-tone, "if there's anything that he or you don't like about the business, you shall have any satisfaction you like, and as often as you please."

"I shall *consider* of that, sir," said Johnstone, as he left the house. He entered the carriage, and was driven to Neck-or-Nothing Hall, where he arrived as they were going to tea. When O'Grady heard Johnstone's account of his having been living in the enemy's camp, he was rather startled.

"Thunder and 'ounds, sir! I hope you let nothing out about business."

"Why, I weally don't know—I'm not sure—that is, I won't be positive, because when one is thwown off his guard, you know—"

"Pooh, sir! a man should never be off his guard in an election. But, how the d—l, sir, could you make such a thundering mistake as to go to the wrong house?"

"It was a howwid postilion, Miste' O'Gwady—"

"The scoundrel!" exclaimed O'Grady, stamping up and down the room.

At this moment a tremendous crash was heard; the ladies jumped from their seats; O'Grady paused in his rage, and his poor pale wife, exclaimed, "Tis in the conservatory."

A universal rush was now made to the spot, and there was Handy Andy buried in the ruins of flower-pots and exotics, directly under an enormous breach in the glass-roof of the building. How this occurred, a few words will explain. Andy, when he slept in the justice-room, slept soundly for some hours; but awoke in the horrors of a dream, in which he fancied he was about to be hanged. So impressed was he by the vision, that he determined on making his escape if he could, and to this end piled the chair upon the desk, and the volumes of law-books on the chair; and, being an active fellow, contrived to scramble up high enough to lay his hand on the frame of the sky-light, and thus make his way on the roof. Then walking as well as the darkness would permit him, along the coping of the wall, he approached, as it chanced, the conservatory, but the coping being loose one of the flags turned under Andy's foot, and bang he went through the glass roof, carrying down in his fall some score of flower-pots, and finally stuck in a tub, with his legs upward, and embowered in the branches of crushed geraniums and hydrangias.

He was dragged out of the tub, amidst a shower of curses from O'Grady; but the moment Andy recovered the few senses he had, and saw Johnstone, regardless of the anathemas of the squire he shouted out, "There he is!—there he is!" and rushing towards the Englishman, exclaimed, "Now, did I dhrond you, sir—did I? Sure, I never murdered you."

"Twas as much as could be done to keep O'Grady's hands off Andy for smashing his conservatory, when Johnstone's presence made him no longer liable to imprisonment.

"Maybe he has a vote?" said Johnstone.

"Have you a vote, you rascal?" said O'Grady.

"You may sarche me if you like, your honor," said Andy, who thought a vote was some sort of property he was suspected of stealing.

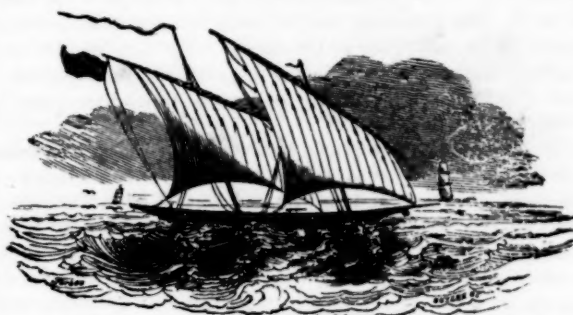
"You are either the biggest rogue, or the biggest fool I ever met," said O'Grady. "Which are you now?"

"Whichever your honor plazes," said Andy.

"If I forgive you, will you stand by me at the election?"

"I'll stand anywhere your honor bids me," said Andy humbly.

"That's an infernal rogue, I'm inclined to think," said O'Grady aside to Johnstone. Then, turning to Andy, he said, "Go down to the kitchen, you blackguard, and get your supper!"



THE CORSAIR.

NEW-YORK, SATURDAY, JUNE 8, 1839.

YOUR BULL HAS GORED MY OX.

Old Esop was a rare fellow. A man cannot walk the streets and think of his fables without owning it. Their truth is illustrated at every turn. But none of Esop's parables admit of more frequent application than that of the Lawyer and the Farmer. You may apply it not only to individuals, but to whole communities—to nations—to society at large. You may take it to Canada or Florida—to Maine or Texas. You may carry it to Wall-street—to a Publisher's office, or to the halls of Legislation—to the Courts of Justice—and it fits equally well all over. This, in matters of injury, aggression, or exasperating aggrievance, when men's minds are excited, is not unnatural; for the judgment of the most right-minded, is often perverted by passion. But the case of the bull and the ox comes up just as often in matters of calm and philosophic enquiry, when the mere abstract question of right is concerned. That is, men who have the shrewdest eye, and most zealous wit in detecting and foiling any, the slightest invasion of their own rights and privileges, view things through an entirely different medium, when the just rights of others are concerned. The acts of the individual who, practising in the school of Augustus Tomlinson, appropriates a share of the superfluities of others to his own use, condemns him to a felon's punishment: the movements of an Agrarian faction, who propose an equal division of property among all men, are denounced as insane; but the cool filching of a man's property by society at large, is a matter of very little moment, provided it be done under color of "the law!"

We give in another column, the decision of Judge Betts in a suit relating to Capt. Marryat's "Phantom Ship," that has been for some time pending in our courts. The decision of the learned judge is doubtless in conformity with that statute of Congress, which constitutes the present piratical law of the land; and the alledged disingenuous conduct upon the part of Captain Marryat in attempting to evade that law, would seem to warrant some severity of remark upon his course.—It is strange, however, that while so many journals, in publishing this decision against him, have not hesitated to reprehend what they deemed his shuffling conduct in relation to obtaining the rights of American citizenship—it is strange, we say, that not one word has been said in favor of Captain Marryat's claim to enjoy what was his *own*. All unite in condemning the *means* he adopted, but not one word is said in relation to the end. The author of the "Phantom Ship," it would seem, coquetted with the public a little about becoming an American citizen. He therefore deserves to be despoiled of his property! at least, as much of it as we can lay our hands upon in this country. But has an author any actual indefeasible property in his works?

"Certainly not! it is merely a temporary usufruct which the law allows him!"

Such will be the answer of ninety-nine men out of a hundred to whom you put the question. They would have answered so fifty years ago. They will answer the same way fifty years hence, unless they are addressed upon the subject in the only mode to make them *think* upon it. The rights of authors, as now acknowledged, stand separate and apart from those of other men; and the community never will care a copper for their assertion, till *compelled* by sympathy of interest to think and act upon the subject. The matter of copyright must be taken from the narrow limits in which the mere lawyer would confine it, and placed upon the broad field where the moralist and the statesman will be forced to study it; it must be made to stand where it belongs—upon the basis by which the cause of *PROPERTY* is upheld in civilized communities! It must be shown, as it can be shown,

that every argument against the author's right of property in his productions, apply equally to the merchant and the land-holder—apply to *all* who are defended in their possessions by legal enactments made for the good of society. The moralist, who indignantly kindles at the fanatic dreams of Agrarianism, yet turns a cold and indifferent eye upon the author's interest in property, must be driven to feel the force of his claim by examining the tenure by which the possessions of other members of the community are held. The statesman, who values the artificial substitute of written statutes for the natural law of the strong, must have his eyes opened to the danger of leaving a large class of those for whom he legislates, unprotected in their property, save by the powers which nature may have given them.

The law of copyright, as it stands upon our statute-books, is an anomaly in the structure of society as at present constituted. It is a hybrid monster conceived in the spirit of barbarism, and brought into being amid the most cunning wiles of civilized despotism. Its conception refers to the rude times, when a man's acknowledged possessions consisted only of those things which he actually produced by manual labor; its existence dates from an age when the aristocratic classes hesitated at no means to keep knowledge from the people, and therefore framed laws whose tendency would be to make writers, as a class, dependent upon themselves.

"Political truths are but slow in making themselves known to the world. Those who write in advance of the opinions of men must wait long for the returns, whether of wealth or glory, from their productions. By cutting off" they argued "an author from prospective benefit from his writings at some remote period, we deter the man of slender means from wasting the prime of his life in a pursuit that must be profitless; but we still leave encouragement for the writer who courts the taste and prejudices of the day, and is willing to become tributary to our *patronage*."

It were an easy task to show how effective has been this policy in chaining the most vigorous minds of modern times to the footstool of power—to show how often genius has been perverted from its best and noblest ends, by making it dependent upon the patronage of the opulent few—how, robbed of the just and permanent fruits of his industry, the author has been compelled to snatch at such as were within his reach, by ministering to the caprices, or upholding the privileges of the class to whom he was thus driven to look for his bread. But the day is at hand, thank God, when thinking men will be compelled to look into this matter, and weigh well the expediency of perpetuating such monstrous injustice. The author is no longer in the situation of the court-jester or buffoon, who lives upon the bounty of some wealthy patrician. There are readers enough in every class for him to appeal to in the assertion of his rights, and it is for every man who has an interest at stake in the community, to pause and reflect how far it will be well to shut out an influential portion of his fellow citizens from the shelter of the laws protecting property when honestly acquired.

Genius, however prodigal of generosity at the commencement of its career, has been rarely free from the infirmity of self-interest until its close. The immortal pen of the courtly Virgil lent its aid to smooth over the despotic usurpation of Augustus. The giant intellect of the rugged Johnson was pensioned as the upholder of British prerogative. And the most gifted countrymen of the latter have been the zealous defenders of hereditary privilege, so long as they were compelled to lean upon a wealthy aristocracy. And now, when the public at large are the patrons of literature, it becomes a question whether the same partisan spirit shall be enlisted in the cause of property and order, or whether by an ostracism the most unjust, we shall banish a powerful class from the protection of the laws, and allow them only upon mere sufferance, a brief usufruct of what should be indefeasibly their own. Our present law of Copyright offers a premium to the writer who panders to the disorganizing spirit, to the caprices and vices of the day—while it shuts out all hope of reward to him who, like Milton, inculcates principles for the benefit of mankind. It encourages the empirical sciolist who may instantly harvest the fruits of his presumption, but denies all reward to the real man of science who, writing in advance of his age, can only look to the close of a protracted life for the admission of the truths which he has spent his best years in elucidating. Has such a man no right to the fruits of his toil? Should not the labors of his prime have earned an independence to soothe his declining years? Has the widowed mother of his children, who has watched his cheek grow pale, and his strength decay, in protracted mental labors, no claim upon society to defend her in the possession of the *property* which her husband has built up for her? The law says no! But reason must lead every reflecting mind to a different conclusion, and it is time for the legislator to look well to her suggestions.

The right of a man in the productions, the *work* of his mind, is, in the nature of things, the same as that which he has in whatever is, by the existing laws of civilized society, acknowledged as property. And his power of transferring or devising it *forever* to others, should be recognized and guarded by legal enactment, as if it were goods, chattels, stocks, or real estate.

RIGHTS OF AN AMERICAN CITIZEN.—Under this head the newspapers contain a great deal of twaddle, elicited by the recent punishment of a deserter from the military post at Detroit. The creature, it seems, was, before being drummed out of camp, marked with India ink in order to prevent a practice common along the frontier with such rascals, of passing on from post to post, enlisting and deserting successively from each, until his bounty money amounts to a sufficient sum to enable him to set up the business of swindler upon a more extensive scale. Here, forsooth, is a precious object for "sympathy." The man, says one, is a soldier, and should not be thus "branded." He is an American citizen, and should not be thus degraded, quoth a nother. Really, it would seem as if right and wrong are becoming convertible terms among us. People talk of lowering the character of the army, because means are taken to prevent a man from re-entering it who has been expelled the service for commission of the basest crime of which a soldier can be guilty. They are shocked at the degradation (!) of an American citizen, who has already proclaimed himself the most pitiful of scoundrels. It is time there should be an end of this disgusting twaddle, and we for one shall commence here in calling things by their right names.

ENGLISH POLITICS.

Affairs in England present an interesting aspect at the present moment. The great political parties seem to be diverging more and more from a common centre, while the danger to be apprehended from the ultraism of either is essentially diminished from their being split up into factions that prevent all unity of design. The Chartists and ultra-Tories are, however, we are disposed to believe, alike obnoxious to the influential majority of the nation, and the real safety of the country still depends where it always has, upon the classes embraced between these two extremes. In the meantime, the position of the young Queen is anything but enviable. The nation is already dissatisfied with the first ministry by which she surrounded herself, and to place herself completely in the hands of the Tories, as was insisted upon by Sir Robert Peel that she should, would be uniting all the other parties in opposition against her Government. The mere rumor that the great Tory Minister had denied to the Queen the privilege of "naming the persons who should light her to her bed chamber," caused the greatest excitement, and occasioned a most extraordinary and unexampled scene in the House of Lords during a recent sitting. The hour of their Lordships' meeting was five o'clock, but long before that time every part of the house, the ministerial benches excepted, was crowded to excess—namely, round the throne—the bishops' benches (the benches behind where the ministers usually sit), and the cross benches and the opposition benches were so thronged that many peers could not obtain seats. This immense and extraordinary assemblage had been collected, it was stated, in consequence of the Queen having refused to give up to any new minister the appointment of her own household, and which had led Sir Robert Peel to decline forming a new administration, except that point were conceded—and that a communication would be made, or question put, arising out of such unexpected impediments. However, a few bills were forwarded a stage, and some other business was transacted, when the Earl of Shaftesbury, at the moment when all were on the tiptoe of expectation, came to the ministerial side of the house—an entirely unusual thing for him—and moved "That the house do now *adjourn* till Monday next." The motion was carried by acclamation, as it were, for as to formally putting the motion, that was quite out of the question; and all the peers were instantly on their legs, amidst no ordinary noise, laughing, and loud talking—but the most conspicuous among these performers was Lord Brougham, who rose from his seat, looked towards the bar, where the Commons members were, and laughed at the said commoners most immoderately.

His lordship is certainly a queer fellow, and seems to present himself under as much diversity of aspects in his parliamentary humors, as he does in his multiform writings. But whether he appears as judge or jester, essayist or reviewer, philosopher or politician, he seems to enter heartily into his *role* and play it with a spirit and vigor that no man living can rival. Important as he is, however, in the drama now enacting, we find nothing satisfactory in the English papers in regard to any share he may have in the reconstruction of the Melbourne ministry. In that reconstruction one must look for the tokens to appear of the disposition to remove the impediments to a better harmony between the Ministry and the body of its supporters. What seems expected from Lord Melbourne's Government is, to disarm its ultra-Radical enemies of the charges of Toryism which they wield against its existence, and against the consistency of the numerous body of Radicals who yield it their disinterested support. The London Examiner remarks that if the Queen is permanently to be preserved from the mortifications and humiliations with which she is threatened under a Tory ministry, the means of guarding her against this calamity, as well as of promoting the best interests of the country, must be found in that concord and co-operation of the liberal party which have latterly been so grievously impaired. There is now an occasion for all sections of the re-

form party—and it is peculiarly incumbent on the ministers—to close up points of difference, and to make mutual approaches on some ground of common agreement, which it will not be difficult to find if there be the wish, and which will involve no surrender or compromise of any principles held, and ulterior objects desired in any quarter. By the efforts made for the union necessary for the defeat of the common enemy of the people and the Throne, the young sovereign will now try the sincerity and zeal of her immediate friends and servants, as well as the wisdom of those of her people who designate themselves as the friends of progressive reform.

"HITS AT THE TIMES" AND "LIFE IN NEW YORK."

In a notice of these publications in our columns of last week, we took occasion to say that, though we would not positively assert, yet we felt the strongest conviction that the evidence before us authorised, nay, compelled us, to attribute them to the agency of one and the same mind. We forbore to enter into a minute detail of those facts which produced this conviction on our own minds, yet we stated some of those arguments that seemed to us most likely to be deemed conclusive by others.

Many, as we have reason to know, have adopted our opinion of the subject, others again seem to think the conjecture an idle one. But the surmise has been deemed sufficiently probable for Gen. Morris himself to publish a card upon the subject. He has come out in several newspapers of the city, and under his own signature formally declares that he "assisted neither directly nor indirectly in originating or preparing the pamphlet" called "Life in New York."

General Morris having thus put in his plea of not guilty, it becomes our task to adduce the evidence in the case, and leave the public to pass their judgment. Whatever the verdict may be, we think at all events the circumstantial testimony is strong enough at least, to have warranted the "indictment."

An Englishman arrives in New York, and becomes the companion and confidential friend of General Morris. Through the columns of the *Mirror*, the stranger is first introduced by an editorial notice to the American public as a writer, and the *subject matter* of his contribution at once establishes the fact of Gen. Morris's extreme confidence in him. His first essay was a letter purporting to be from a London Correspondent, in which he volunteers the most gross slanders upon the personal character of the poetess L. E. L., (then Miss Landon), with lavish abuse of Miss Porter and other equally distinguished literary personages.

Now, is it possible that Gen. Morris would have dared to admit into the pages of the *Mirror* these libellous attacks upon well known authors, unless his intimacy with the writer had induced that degree of confidence which would warrant him (as he thought), in the publication of such atrocious statements? Surely no. The writer therefore enjoyed the confidence of Gen. Morris, and continued a contributor to his paper. Sometime during this period of mutual friendship and confidential intercourse, "Life in New York" is projected. The prospectus was exposed for weeks for the purpose of obtaining subscribers, in the office of the *Mirror*, and the work was finally printed in the printing office of the *Mirror* establishment. Now let us look at the work itself. "Life in New York" purports to be a satirical work, and abounds in the grossest personal abuse of some eight individuals, unconnected with each other, and in different circles, who were supposed to sustain no very friendly relations with Gen. Morris. Were these individuals personally known to his English friend? Not one of them.—Had they knowingly ever done that person any injury? No.—Could it have been of any advantage to him thus wantonly to assail them? Impossible.—Could he have known, except from some American friend, their peculiarities, their whereabouts, or their dispositions? Surely not.—But who was well acquainted with them all? His confidential friend, Gen. Morris.—Who felt that he had great cause to dread the success of some of them? The Editor of the *Mirror*.—Who had imagined that some of them were hostile to his interests? The same.—Who would have been most likely to have frequently discussed the merits and demerits of these eight individuals? And who would have been most prone to have caught up the theme and made it the subject of his writings? Did this attack on the individuals offend Gen. Morris, and sever the intimacy between him and his friend? No; we are told they are daily together and are on the same terms of friendship. And now we ask the important question, was not all this weight of circumstantial evidence enough to justify us in attributing to Gen. Morris *some agency* in the authorship of "Life in New York?"

These undeniable facts are the weight of evidence we throw into the scale on one side—Gen. Morris's assertion occupies the other.

THE JEWISH MAIDEN.

[ROME, March 9th, 1839.—You have long expressed, my dear Doctor, a wish that I should transmit you a faithful record of my romantic interest in a Jewish adventure, occurring many years ago in the city of Madrid. Thinking before this late period that I should once more clasp your

hand upon the hospitable shores of America, I have withheld the narrative till we should again renew the delights of friendship, and the romantic rambles, associated with your sunny youth, and with my happiest dreams of early manhood. But "I'm wearing away," and what with my age and infirmities and growing reluctance to leave this golden climate, I have quite abandoned, at least for the present, the prospect of returning to the United States. The past is before me. If in its sunny retrospect I should be so fortunate as to fix your attention as in the days of our youth, I shall be more than compensated for the gouty twinges that each movement of my pen exacts from the toe of your devoted and early friend.]

* * *

Within the period of the last half century, while lingering within the precincts of the Andalusian city, where for many months I had been detained upon my pilgrimage by the mighty arm of sickness, I was induced by the entreaty of my kind friend, Senor Felix, at the close of a summer day, to try the effect of a short promenade upon the Prado, to give a new and more animated direction to my dejected and wasted spirits.

The sky was transparent, soft, and brilliant, heightening in effect the twilight pageantry of human display, to which we directed our steps. Availing myself of his arm, we wandered amid the gay scene till, for a time, the recollection of anguish was forgotten, and my whole thoughts became engrossed in the joyous groups of *fashion* and beauty that sauntered in our path. The buoyant steps, the rapid glances of recognition, the occasional greeting of cordial delight, the beaming smile of coquetry, the lingering gaze of deeper tenderness, flashed and disappeared before me like visions of Paradise.

As the twilight faintly deepened and our walk became more extended, the crowd gradually thinned away, and by the time we had nearly reached the gate of Atocha, we found our path quite deserted. Here a noble fountain sent its gushing spray into the golden air, partially shaded by a willow that drooped in melancholy grace over a rude but inviting bench close beside it, where I was glad to pause for a moment's rest, and enjoy uninterruptedly the quiet loveliness and balmy coolness of our retreat.

A few minutes had elapsed, and my witty companion had, with his usual charming versatility, scarce touched upon more than a dozen subjects for my contemplation, when our attention was arrested by the approach through the lofty gate-way of two youths of distinguished appearance, who, upon nearly reaching us, passed upon the opposite side of the fountain, in low and earnest conversation. "Count de Mendoza, by Jove!" whispered Senor Felix, "a perfect Apollo—and the graceful youth beside him—look at his foot—by St. Mark, it would grace Hebe herself!" The former was clad in a rich uniform, displaying to the highest advantage the faultless symmetry of a youthful Alexander. His more delicate companion was muffled in a cloak of black velvet edged with silver, with a steeple-crowned hat, looped with a buckle glittering with diamonds. Their conversation, at first so low as to be entirely inaudible to us, rose finally above the silvery water.

"Hear me, dearest Fernan," eagerly exclaimed the younger cavalier, in a voice of fascinating sweetness, "hear me again swear by the God of Judah, 'tis shamelessly false." Here, clasping the hands of the commanding youth, he bent his forehead upon them with an expression of the deepest melancholy.

"Then by the rood," replied the latter, "thou hast been sadly belied, and I made desperate from the cruel aspersions casts upon thy sacred and plighted words, by one bound to honor and sanction thy choice. But I am at least undeceived—a burden is lifted from my heart, and again"—here his words were lost, but his action, so full of tenderness as he pressed the frail youth to his bosom, convinced me of his recovered and undoubting confidence in his good faith.

A few words were exchanged betwixt them in low tones, and they turned to pursue their path in the direction we had just left. A charm at once unusual and irresistible induced us to follow with our eye their slow receding footsteps. At a short distance from us, they again paused in earnest conversation, the more fragile youth leaning in apparent restored favor on the arm of the handsome Count.

At this interesting juncture, we could perceive a solitary figure bending towards them from the saloon, then occupying the centre of the Prado. His white gabardine, three-cornered hat, and flowing beard of snowy lustre, discovered to me at a glance, the bent form and slow step of a venerable son of Judah, that I had oftentimes encountered on my first arrival in Madrid. Scarce had we perceived his approach, when suddenly the younger cavalier burst from the arm of the Count, and sped towards our retreat with the rush of a lap-wing.

Shades of Psyche! can Time, with his unsparing shadows, blight the memory of that transcendent countenance of Syrian loveliness? The liquid eye of fire gleaming with terror,—the chiselled lips of Grecian beauty, blanched to the hue of death,—the streaming cloak, revealing the delicate throat encircled with gems,—the heaving bosom of drifted snow, that seemed ready to burst the silken robe that had well nigh concealed the form of the

disguised maiden. O, for the pencil of Murillo, to have fixed, at that moment, in imperishable colors thy radiant image, daughter of Israel!

As she discovered our resting-place, she instantly drew together the folds of her sable cloak, and turned as if to fly farther—first casting a glance back at her companion, and then forward at the open unsheltered pathway before her. Leaping to her side, unmindful of my weakness, I begged the honor of accompanying her to the Gate, through which she had passed but a few minutes before with the noble youth, who was now engaged in close and angry altercation with the ancient Father.

Haughtily accepting my attendance by a slight inclination of her steeple-hat, we advanced briskly towards the Gate, my wearied step scarcely able to keep pace with the rapid stride of the now majestic soldier-girl.

Upon reaching the magnificent arch, she waved her hand in token of her gratitude for my gallantry, and turning swiftly toward the Garden of the Retiro, disappeared from my sight.

Retracing my path. I found our rustic seat, to my surprise, deserted. Hastening forward I discovered my companion among the crowd, that had gathered within the few moments of my absence, round the aged Jew and the young nobleman.

The flash of poignards glittered in the pale light of the moon, which had just risen, and I could clearly distinguish the elevated voice of the latter, as he exclaimed, "By the holy Mother! thy gray hairs shall no longer be thy protection—Die the death thou hast provoked with thy base calumny, and the Father of spirits have mercy upon thy soul."

"Sheath thy weapon, young Philistine!" replied the Jew, calmly warding off the fierce thrust that was directed to his throat. "Reserve thy hot blood and deadly blows for an adversary better able to cope with thy strength and military skill than an old man already ripe for the harvest of death. Since thou still dost disdain to accept my proffer concerning the only treasure of my childless bosom, beware of crossing again my earthly path while I have the power to torment, if not to crush thee to the dust."

So saying he darted from his antagonist, pushed his way through the crowd, and was lost in one of the many pathways already impenetrable to the eye by the shadows of evening. So sudden was his escape, that even the moment following his departure his youthful foe, with a countenance flushed with fury, was seen to wave in scornful triumph his glittering dagger. In another instant however, perceiving the escape of his victim, he sheathed his weapon, and strode rapidly away in the direction of the Gate of Atocha.

"A grand romance this, by the beard of St. Francis!" exclaimed my companion, who, now grasping my arm, accompanied me to my lodgings, descanting with mingled raillery and enthusiasm upon the disguise of steeple-crowned hats and the universally hard fate of lovers.

The next morning I made every enquiry respecting the three individuals whose fate seemed so blended in the events of the past evening. I was so fortunate as to obtain the information I sought, from a Hebrew of rank, well known to the family of the old Jew.

"My aged brother, Father Mordecai," continued my informant, in answer to my enquiries, "whose life was placed in mortal peril the past evening, dwells a half-league from the city, in an ancient building, remarkable for its architecture and utter desolation, leading from the Gate of Alcala. It is supposed to have been used by former generations as a synagogue, from the immediate vicinity, joining to the very walls of the Gothic ruin, of a deserted cemetery, embosomed in low trees, whose twisted trunks and dark luxuriance sweep in solemn gloom over the few decayed and wild memorials of our unfortunate and oppressed race. Father Mordecai possesses affluence, and however ruinous and neglected the exterior of his gloomy abode, it encloses every luxury of the East which can ravish and delight the worldly heart, that yearns for the treasures not laid up in Heaven.

"The Jewish maiden, whose beauty like a meteor flashed upon you at the fountain, is the orphan niece of the childless Mordecai. Her life, from her earliest infancy, has been passed with him in almost unbroken solitude. During an important and prolonged embassy of the latter, to the Court of Vienna, some twelve months since, she was permitted to pass the interval of his absence under the roof of Father Reuben, living in the very heart of Madrid. Here the brilliant lustre of her smile, and the ravishing melody of her Moorish harp, brought numberless suitors, in rank and earthly possessions far above the daughter of Israel. Fate threw in her path, by what accident I know not, the born heir to the rich and powerful family of —. They became mutually enamoured of each other, loving with the delirium and rapture of youth. Alas, for their Fairy Heaven! Father Mordecai returned—listened with overwhelming astonishment to the story of their plighted faith, and to the wonder of all Madrid, and the utter dismay of the lovers, refused obstinately, nay, fiercely, his sanction and his blessing.

Returning instantly to his solitary abode, accompanied by the broken-hearted Rachel, they have lived in profound and uninterrupted seclusion for many months. Report says, however, with how much truth, youth can best judge, that the overshadowed resting place of the children of

Judah, contiguous to the low casement of the lovely maiden, has oft times witnessed the renewal of her vows of earthly attachment, upon the bosom of the gallant Nazarene."

"But why," I asked with undissembled enthusiasm, "does he withhold his consent?"

"It arises in part," replied my narrator, "from a long cherished hatred to the house of Mendoza, from whom, it is said, our race have received the most humiliating oppression—and in part from an ardent desire to link the child of his adoption with a Hebrew youth, who has sought her hand in holy matrimony in vain, for many years. In his endeavour to extinguish every ray of hope in the expectations of the Count, he is said recently to have resorted to the expedient of giving credence to the rumor of her attachment and approaching nuptials with the despairing Isaac. From your recital of the interview betwixt the lovers at the fountain, the Count must have been induced to believe her false. The proposal of the jealous father to the latter at the moment of the unhappy encounter, must have been the proffer of gold to purchase the unbinding of those links of the heart, which his ardent spirit spurned with the indignation of human pride and deathless affection."

Here ended my enquiries.

At the expiration of a month with invigorated strength I left Madrid, without also, being able to ascertain farther of the fate of the Hebrew maiden, and her high-spirited lover. I repaired to Rome, where the greater portion of my life has been passed.

Nearly a twelvemonth after my arrival I went to the gay Palace of — upon the celebration of the birth night of a distinguished beauty. The Andalusian Count, and hear it, ye that despair of love's final triumph, enjoyed the honor of dancing with his brilliant Countess, the once broken-hearted Fernan, whose steeple-hat had haunted me like a crime, and well nigh shaken my everlasting peace of mind. From his own lips I learned that her father had died soon after I left Madrid, leaving the greater portion of his wealth to the disappointed Isaac.

The girl—ah! the gout, there's the rub! dear Doctor, I can no more.

PERSONAL NEWS.

A laughable story has been going the rounds of *salons* in Lisbon. The youthful Queen detected her husband in the fact of *saluting* one of the maids of honor, and losing the dignity of the Queen in the feelings of the woman, she soundly boxed the ears of both parties on the spot!

The Grand Duke Alexander of Russia has presented to the Society of Friends of Foreigners in Distress the munificent donation of £500.

A grand public dinner was given to Mr. Hume on the 5th of May.

The Queen has granted permission to the brothers and sisters of the Earl of Essex to bear the same rank and precedence as they would have enjoyed had their father succeeded to the title.

Lord William Bentinck is ill at Paris.

Prince George of Cambridge is now on his way to Constantinople.

The Duchess of Montrose, we are glad to hear, is getting well as fast as possible. The birth of a daughter was, however, a very great disappointment to her Grace and the Duke.

A noble Duke wrote lately to his agent to say that from the hour he married his daughter he should cease to be employed in that capacity, and that the marriage portion should be —.

The Duke of St. Alban's is about to marry a lady with the euphonious cognomen of Gubbins.

We learn from good authority that the reports going about in regard to the immense wealth bequeathed by the late Duchess-Countess of Sutherland to the Countess of Surry and her second son, Lord Edward Howard, are erroneous. The Duke of Sutherland has not yet arrived in England, and by far the greater portion of the property in Sutherland is strictly entailed. The property at the disposal of the lamented Duchess did not exceed £20,000 per annum.—*Morning Post*. [Well, £20,000 per annum is the rental of estates worth half a million.]

The grass in the Park was opened for the first time this season on Saturday. The lion of the day was the Hereditary Grand Duke of Russia, who, with his suite, were mounted on some of her Majesty's steeds, and who literally rode *a la Russe*.

The sister of poor Malibran, Mademoiselle Pauline Garcia, made a successful first appearance in the character of *Desdemona*. She has many points of resemblance to her sister in energy and *abandon* of style, and, with that greater breadth of execution and power of voice which she may speedily attain, will rank very high even among the artists of this theatre—the first singers in the world. Rubini, Tamburini, and Lablache sustained her performance, it is needless to say, with masterly effect.

TRIAL OF THE EARL OF STIRLING. The trial of Alexander Humphreys, or Alexander pretending to be the Earl of Stirling, accused of forgery, as also of using and uttering, as genuine, forged documents, knowing them to be forged, which took place in the High Court of Justiciary in Edinburgh, terminated on the 2d inst., after having lasted four days, when a verdict of Acquittal was returned, the jury unanimously finding all the libels *non proven* as to the prisoner, but that they were forgeries nevertheless.

THE DOWAGER MARCHIONESS OF HASTINGS. This distinguished lady and her Majesty the Queen are Scotch cousins, both having a common ancestor in Sir Adam Mure, of Rowallan, in Ayrshire, a fine estate which the marchioness possesses in her own right as Countess of Loudon. King Robert II. the first of the Stuart family that ascended the Scottish throne, married Elizabeth Mure, a daughter of Sir Adam, in December, 1347. By a genealogical tree which we saw hastily constructed, we find that her Majesty the Queen and the Dowager Marchioness of Hastings are 18th cousins.

THIRD EDITION OF LADY BULWER'S NOVEL. Although not a month has elapsed since "Cheveley, the Man of Honor," was first published, the calls for the work have been so numerous and continued as to have already produced a third London edition.

REV. SYDNEY'S SMITH'S LAST. On this witty clergyman observing Lord Brougham's one horse carriage, he remarked to a friend, alluding to the B surrounded by a coronet on the panel, "There goes a carriage with a B outside and a *wasp* within."

DEATH OF MR. T. HAYNES BAYLY.—It is with deep regret we have to announce the death of Thomas Haynes Bayly, Esq., which took place at Cheltenham on the 22nd April, after a lingering illness. He was a man of great taste, of a lively and playful imagination. His poetical talents have been long known to the public, for whom his ever ready pen was continually supplying a fund of amusement. He has within the last few years produced a vast number of very clever dramatic pieces, in which style of composition he particularly excelled. His loss will be long and severely felt by his family and friends, to whom he was endeared by his amiable manners and private virtues. His sufferings for the last six months were very great, and he was removed from Boulogne about two months since, in the hope that the Cheltenham waters might restore him to health, as he was then apparently improving; but, the violence of the remedies he had previously used had shattered his constitution beyond all power of restoration. He expressed himself perfectly resigned to the Divine will, and bore with the calmness and tranquillity of a Christian the approach of death. He was watched over with the most earnest solicitude during all this season of trial by her who now mourns the loss of a beloved husband. He has left two daughters.

The Bishop of Salisbury, the youngest on the bench, is about to be married to Miss Seymour, daughter of Sir M. Seymour.

We are told that Mr. Rogers, the celebrated poet, will shortly lead to the altar Miss Clarke, a young lady of great personal attractions.

The Theatre.

THE PARK.

The brilliant engagement of the Taglionis has been followed by Miss Ellen Tree. She appeared on Wednesday in Ion, and we need not say how heartily this great favorite of our city was greeted by a crowded audience. It was in Ion that Miss Tree achieved, on our stage, her highest honor in tragedy, and the personation was witnessed for the twentieth time with the same thrilling delight that so filled her admirers on its first enactment.

Her present engagement is so short that no character will be repeated, and this to us will be a grateful circumstance, for we are more desirous to engrave on our memories the exquisite points, and the eloquent, touching pathos of her tones in parts now made familiar to us, than to learn to admire her in characters we know not of.

We are rejoiced to hear that engagements have been made in England with a company of celebrated vocalists for this Theatre, and that opera and ballet will divide the honors with Tragedy and Comedy the approaching season.

A private correspondent entirely *au fait* on all dramatic subjects and the English stage, thus speaks of the new engagements.

Miss Inverarity was some years ago engaged to succeed Mrs. Wood, at Covent Garden Theatre, and was triumphant. She was then young and beautiful. Suddenly she lost her voice, and was compelled to retire from the profession for some length of time. She is now the wife of Mr. Charles Martyn, a bass singer of great merit.

Mrs. Fitzwilliam is an excellent comic actress, formerly Miss Copeland, of Drury Lane Theatre, sings well, and is very pleasing. Her husband occasionally appears on the stage, he was the original Lord Dumbiedikes,

in the Drama of the Heart of Mid-Lothian, produced at the Surrey Theatre. Mrs. F. is very much in the style of Miss Ayres.

Madame Giubelei is a French lady, formerly Mdle. Proche, of the Italian Opera House, London, an exquisite dancer, and very pretty.

Mr. Templeton was first tenor at Drury Lane and Covent Garden, during the performance of the lamented Malibran, and went through the whole score of characters with her. He is an excellent musician, with a powerful voice.

Mr. Giubelei, (pronounced Jubilee) is a bass singer of high order. He is an Englishman, of Italian parentage, and his capabilities are about those of Mr. Seguin. He is also from the Italian Opera House.

THE NATIONAL.

The ink was hardly dry in which we last week expressed the hope that the energetic Manager of this house would soon return, and rescue the waning popularity of his establishment, when our wish was fulfilled by the arrival of Mr. Wallack in the Great Western. How incredible appears the fact, that within just six weeks, Mr. Wallack takes leave of his American friends in the character of Tortosa—crosses the Atlantic, spends ten days with his family in England, re-crosses the ocean, and is welcomed by his admirers on his own boards as the matchless Tortosa. Mr. Wallack surely is not far "behind the times."

The long expected, the patiently waited for opera of La Gazza Ladra, was put in hand instanter, and on Tuesday we had the pleasure of listening to its delightful music.

Well do we recollect the performance of this opera by the Italian company at this house, and its effect upon us. Yet with the remembrance of that charming scene vivid in our minds, we can say, in all truth, that the artist-like manner in which the present company performed the same, does not suffer by comparison with that of the gifted musicians from sunny Italy. It was a triumph quite unexpected, and well atones for the long delay which has attended its production. We have too frequently expressed our admiration of the Prima Donna—the tenor and the bass, to repeat here our wonted theme of praise. We have not as often recorded our appreciation of the talented Mrs. Bailey. Her "Felix" was a charming performance, graceful, lively, musical, and won for her the warm approbation of the house.

The highest praise, however, is undoubtedly due to Mr. Penson, the leader, who, in the fulfilment of his most responsible duties, evinces the talents and energy of an accomplished musician.

We need not say that all the appointments were complete. They have never been otherwise under the present management of the National.

THE BOWERY.

Ernest Maltravers, Mazeppa with "pieces to match," continue to attract large houses, and the spirited and graceful acting of Mrs. Shaw, loses none of its charms by repetition. Indeed, she is an uncommon actress, and has been found invaluable at this new establishment.

They are getting up a novelty called Rookwood, at this house, under the direction of Mr. Woolford. Report speaks favorably of its dramatic interest, and it will afford ample opportunity for scenic display, and the abilities of the entire company.

CHRISTOPHER NORTH.

This glorious old man closes a rather dull article on "Descriptive Poetry," with the following eloquent outbreak.

We said to thee an hour ago—that youth is reverent, and age garrulous—but for garrulous read eloquent—else how could thou and thy like often come to listen—more than willingly—to our continuous discourse? Tomorrow thou art to leave town for a month—and thou dost well; for Scotland is the most beautiful land in all the world in the Season of Spring. Why? Because here Spring pays her earliest visits stealthily, and as if in fear of her surly sire, whom yet she loves, and takes care to show him that she means not by her primroses to hint it is time for him to die. For well she knows that—though like a kind but stern father, confident in her affections—sometimes he frowns almost with the same feeling usually expressed by smiles; yet when the world, wearied of him at last as he is of the world, shall wish he were dead, and his grey head laid in the mould, his last thought will be of her and of her happiness, rising by the law of nature from his dust.

Art thou going to the Highlands? If so, 'tis well,—for in another week they will be beginning to be beautiful—and by the end of May to leave them, in their perfection, will sadden thy heart. In their perfection! Ay—verily, even so—for the tenderness of spring will then be blending with the boldness of summer,—while something will still be wanting to the strength of the year. And the joy of the soul is brightest in the fulness of hope, when the future is almost instant as the present, and the present tinged with a gentle rainbow-like resemblance of the past.

Would we were to be thy guide! There—let us lean our left shoulder on thine—our right on THE CRUTCH. The time will come when thou wilt be! O Son of the Morning! even like unto the shadow by thy side—Christopher North. No chamois hunter fleetier than once was he—Mont Blanc, speaks he not the truth? If he be a vain-glorious boaster, give him the lie Ben-y-Glow and thy Brotherhood—who heard our shouts—mixed with the red deer's belling—tossed back in exultation by Echo, the omnipresent Auditress on youth's golden hills.

The world is all before thee—the world is all behind us; hope is thy angel—memory is ours; but both are considerate spirits—and they bid the young and the old, the joyful and the sorrowful—as thus we lean on one another—think that time is but the threshold of eternity—and that the shadow may survive the light, on “this dim spot men call earth!”

The central sun art thou of thine own bright world! Ours is broken into fragments—and we are on the edge of an abyss. But once we were like thee, a victorious Echo—and illumined nature all around her farthest horizon with the bliss of our own soul. Fear, awe, and superstition were ministers to our imagination among the midnight mountains—in the dreadful blank we worshipped the thunder and adored the cataract—but joy was then our element—as now, tis time—and in spite of such visitations that made us quake and tremble, fresh was our spirit as a rising star, and strong as a flowing sea.

Now mind—you must write a Poem—THE HIGHLANDS. Not for a good many years to come—but we hope to see some of it before we die—for such a Poem as it will be, must compose itself of fragments,—and finally settle down, beneath the united spirit of beauty and grandeur, into a whole, magnificent as its subject—and thou shalt be one of the Immortals.

Could such a Poem—think ye—be written in Prose? You cannot bring yourself to say so—thinking perhaps of Macpherson's Ossian. Is it not poetry? Wordsworth says it is not—but Christopher North says it is—with all reverence for the King. Let its antiquity be given up—let such a state of society as is therein described be declared impossible—let all the inconsistencies and violations of nature ever charged against it be acknowledged—let all its glaring plagiarisms from poetry of modern date inspire what derision they may—and far worse the perpetual repetition of its own imbecilities and inanities, wearying one down even to disgust and anger;—yet, in spite of all, are we not made to feel, not only that we are among the mountains, but to forget that there is any other world in existence, save that which glooms and glimmers, and wails and raves around us in mists and clouds, and storms, and snow—full of lakes and rivers, sea-intersected and sea-surrounded, with a sky as troublous as the earth—yet both at times visited with a mournful beauty that sinks strangely into the soul—while the shadowy life depicted there eludes not our human sympathies; nor yet, aerial though they be—so sweet and sad are their voices—do there float by as unbeloved, unpitied, or unhonored—single, or in bands—the ghost of the brave and beautiful; when the few stars are dim, and the moon is felt, not seen, to be yielding what faint light there may be in the skies.

The Blockheads, meaning to be severe, used to say that our style was Ossianic—but getting none to listen to their nonsense, they grew ashamed of themselves, and have for years been gazing at us in mute astonishment, with their mouth wide open like so many barn-doors. Nay, an occasional sumph is seen assuming, what he supposed to be our Ossianic; and in the Tins Tartan absolutely exposing his hurdies to the derision of the elements, during some piteous Holiday—among the Mountains—a spectacle more than sufficient, one would think, had it a single particle of feeling in its whole composition, to soften the heart of a rock—to melt Aberdeen granite into tears.

Never in our blessed lives got we such a fright as on coming suddenly, one day last summer, near the Fall of Foyers, upon such an Appearance of Ourselves. We happened to have in our hand Sir David's delightful volume, “Natural Magic;” and, after the first flurry, taking a philosophical view of the Phenomenon, we came to the conclusion that it was our SIMULACRUM reflected and refracted—heaven only knew how—from some sympathetic and admiring Cloud who had caught a glimpse of Us as he hung on the distant horizon. At that moment his Evil Genius whispered to him—“handle the Crutch!” and we saw he was an impostor. Not, by a score, the first fellow he, that has had the infatuation to personate Christopher North! But he was the first we had caught in the fact—*face to face*—and, on the spur of the moment, assuredly we had tarred and feathered him, had the materials been at hand. While we were pondering on what might be a fitting punishment for the Scotch Cockney—a horrid cross—up came “the boy with his carpet-bag”—a sight unendurable by our idiosyncrasy—and we “recoiled into the wilderness.”

“To-morrow for severer thought, but now
For breakfast—and keep holiday to-day.”

A WEEK IN THE WOODLANDS.

OR SCENES ON THE ROAD, IN THE FIELD, AND ROUND THE FIRE.

BY FRANK FORESTER.

DAY THE FIRST.

It was a fine October evening, when I was sitting on the stoop of his cheerful little bachelor's establishment in — street, with my old friend and comrade Henry Archer—many a frown of fortune had we two weathered out together, in many of her brightest smiles had we two revelled—never was there a stauncher friend, a merrier companion, a keener sportsman, or a better fellow, than this said Harry; and here had we two met three thousand miles from home, after almost ten years of separation, just the same careless, happy, dare-all, do-no-goods as we were when we parted in St. James's Street,—he for the West, I for the Eastern World—he to fell trees, and build log huts in the back woods of Canada,—I to shoot tigers and drink arrack punch in the Carnatic. The world had wagged with us as with most others; now up, now down, and brought us up, at last, far enough from the goal for which we started—so that, as I have said already, on landing in New York, having heard nothing of him for ten years, whom the deuce should I tumble on but that same worthy, snugly housed, with a neat bachelor's menage and every thing ship shape about him,—and, in the natural course of things, we were at once inseparables.

Well, as I said before, it was a bright October evening, with the clear sky, rich sunshine, and brisk breezy freshness, which indicate that loveliest of the American months,—dinner was over, and with a pitcher of the liquid ruby of Latour, a brace of half pint breakers, and a score—my con-

tribution—of those most exquisite of smokables, the true old manilla cheroots, we were consoling the inward man in a way that would have opened the eyes, with abhorrent admiration of any advocate of that coldest of comforts—cold water—who should have got a chance peep at our snug-gery.

Suddenly after a long pause, during which he had been stimulating his ideas by assiduous fumigation, blowing off his steam in a long vapory cloud that curled a minute afterward about his temples,—“What say you, Frank, to a start to-morrow?” exclaimed Harry,—“and have a week's right good shooting?” “Why as for that,” said I, “I wish for nothing better—but where the deuce would you go to get shooting?”

“Never fash your beard, man,” he replied, “I'll find the ground and the game too, so you'll find share of the shooting!—Holloa! there—Tim, Tim Matlock”—and in brief space that worthy minister of mine host's pleasures made his appearance, smoothing down his short black hair, clipped in the orthodox bowl fashion, over his bluff good-natured visage, with one hand, while he employed its fellow in hitching up a pair of most voluminous unmentionables, of thick Yorkshire cord. A character was Tim—and now I think of it, worthy of brief description. Born, I believe—bred, certainly, in a hunting stable, far more of his life passed in a saddle than elsewhere, it was not a little characteristic of my friend Harry to have selected this piece of Yorkshire oddity as his especial body servant; but if the choice were queer, it was at least successful, for an honest, more faithful, hard-working—and withal, better-hearted, and more humorous varlet never drew curry-comb over horse hide, or clothes-brush over broad-cloth. His visage was, as I have said already, bluff and good-natured, with a pair of black eyes, of the smallest—but at the same time, of the very merriest—twinkling from under the thick black eye-brows, which were the only hairs suffered to grace his clean-shaven countenance,—an indescribable pug nose, and a good clean cut mouth, with a continual dimple at the left corner, made up his phiz; for the rest, four feet ten inches did Tim stand in his stockings, about two-ten of which were monopolized by his back, the shoulders of which would have done honor to a six foot pugilist,—his legs, though short and bowed a little outward by continual horse exercise, were right tough, serviceable, members, and I have seen them bearing their owner on through mud and mire, when straighter, longer, and more fair proportioned limbs were at an awful discount.

Depositing his hat then on the floor, smoothing his hair, and hitching up his smalls, and striving most laboriously not to grin till he should have cause, stood Tim, like “Giafar awaiting his master's award!”

“Tim!” said Harry Archer—

“Sur!” said Tim.

“Tim! Mr. Forester and I are talking of going up to-morrow—what do you say to it?”

“Oop yonner?” queried Tim, in his most extraordinary West-riding Yorkshire, indicating the direction, by pointing his right thumb over his left shoulder—“Weel, Ay'se nought to say about it—not Ay!”

“Well—then the cattle are all right, and the wagon in good trim, and the dogs in exercise, are they?”

“Ay'se warrant um!”

“Well, then, have all ready for a start at six to-morrow,—put Mr. Forester's Manton alongside my Joe Spurling in the top tray of the gun case, my single, and my double rifle in the lower,—and see the magazine well filled—the glass gunpowder, you know, from Moore and Baker's. You'll put what Mr. Forester will want, for a week, you know—he does not know the country yet, Tim;—and hark you, what wine have I at Tom Draw's?”

“No but a case o' claret.”

“I thought so, then away with you! down to the Baron's, and get two baskets of the Star, and stop at Fulton Market, and get the best half hundred round of spiced beef you can find—and then go up to Starke's at the Octagon, and get a gallon of his old Farentosh—that's all, Tim—off with you!—No! stop a minute?” and he filled up a beaker and handed it to the original, who, shutting both his eyes, suffered the fragrant claret to roll down his gullet, in the most scientific fashion, and then, with what he called a bow, turned right about, and exit.

The sun rose bright on the next morning, and half an hour before the appointed time, Tim entered my bed chamber, with a cup of mocha, and the intelligence that “Measter had been up this hour and better, and did na like to be kept waiting!”—so up I jumped, and scarcely had got through the business of rigging myself, before the rattle of wheels announced the arrival of the wagon! And a model was that shooting wagon—a long, light-bodied box, with a low rail—a high seat and dash in front, and a low servant's seat behind, with lots of room for four men and as many dogs, with gun and luggage, and all appliances to boot, enough to last a month, stowed away out of sight, and out of reach of weather; the nags, both nearly thorough-bred, fifteen-two inches high, stout, clean-limbed, active animals; the off-side horse, a gray, almost snow-white—the near, a dark, nearly black, chesnut, with square docks setting admirably off their beautiful round quarters; high crests, small blood-like heads and long thin manes, spoke volumes for Tim's stable science—for though their ribs were slightly visible, their muscles were well filled, and hard as granite; their coats glanced in the sunshine—the white's like statuary marble; the chesnut's like high polished copper—in short the whole turn out was perfect. The neat black harness, relieved merely by a crest, with every strap that could be needed, in its place, and not one buckle or one thing superfluous; the bright steel curbs, with the chains jingling as the horses tossed and pawed impatient for a start; the tapering holly whip; the bear skins covering the seats; the top coats spread above them,—every thing, in a word, without bordering on the slang, was perfectly correct and gnostic. Four dogs—a brace of setters of the light active breed, one of which will out-work a brace of the large, lumpy, heavy-headed dogs, one red—the other white and liver, both with black noses, legs and sterns, beautifully feathered, and their hair glossy and smooth as silk, showing their excellent condition—and a brace of short-legged, bony, liver-colored spaniels—with their heads thrust one above the other, over or through the railings, and their tails waving with impatient joy—occupied the after portion of the wagon. Tim, rigged in plain gray frock with leathers and white tops,

stood, in true tiger fashion, at their heads, with the fore-finger of his right hand resting upon the curb of the gray horse, as with his left he rubbed the nose of the chesnut, while Harry, cigar in mouth, was standing at the wheel, reviewing with a steady and experienced eye the gear, which seemed to give him perfect satisfaction. The moment I appeared on the steps, "In with you, Frank—in with you," he exclaimed, disengaging the hand-reins from the territs into which they had been thrust—"I have been waiting here these five minutes. Jump up, Tim!"—and gathering the reins up firmly he mounted by the wheel, tucked the top-coat about his legs, shook out the long lash of his tandem whip and lapped it up in good style,—"I always drive with one of these"—he said, half apologetically, as I thought—"they are so handy on the road for the cur dogs, when you have setters with you—they plague your life out else. Have you the pistol-case in, Tim, for I don't see it?" "All roight, Sur," answered he, not over well pleased, as it seemed, that it should even be suspected, that he could have forgotten anything,—"All roight!"

"Go along, then," cried Harry, and at the word the high bred nags went off, and, though my friend was too good and too old a hand to worry his cattle at the beginning of a long day's journey—many minutes had not passed before we found ourselves on board the ferry-boat, steaming it merrily towards the Jersey shore!

"A quarter past six to the minute," said Harry, as we landed at Hoboken.

"Let *Shot* and *Chase* run, Tim, but keep the spaniels in till we pass Hackensack."

"Awa wi ye, ye rascals," exclaimed Tim; and out went the blooded dogs upon the instant, barking and jumping in delight about the horses—and off we went, through the long sandy street of Hoboken, leaving the private race course of that staunch sportsman, Mr. Stevens, on the left, with several powerful horses taking their walking exercise in their neat body clothes.

"That puts me in mind, Frank," said Harry, as he called my attention to the thorough-breds, "we must be back next Tuesday for the Beacon Races—the new course up there on the hill; you can see the steps that lead to it from here—and now is not this lovely," he continued, as we mounted the first ridge of Weehawken, and looked back over the beautiful broad Hudson, gemmed with a thousand snowy sails of craft or shipping—"Is not this lovely, Frank? and, by the bye, you will say, when we get to our journey's end, you never drove through prettier scenery in your life. Get away Bob, you villain, nibbling at your curb! get away lads!" and away we went at a right rattling pace over the hills, and past the cedar swamp; and passing through a toll-gate stopped with a sudden jirk at a long low tavern on the left hand side.

"We must stop here, Frank; my old friend Engles, a brother trigger too, would think the world was coming to an end if I drove by—twenty-nine minutes these six miles," he added, looking at his watch—"that will do! Now, Tim, look sharp—just a sup of water! Good day; good day to you, Mr. Engles; now for a glass of your milk punch"—and mine host disappeared, and in a moment came forth with two rummers of the delicious compound, a big bright lump of ice bobbing about in each, among the nutmeg.

"What, off again for Orange county, Mr. Archer! I was telling the old woman yesterday, that we should have you by before long; well, you'll find cock pretty plenty, I expect; there was a chap by here from Ulster—let me see what day was it—Friday, I guess—with produce, and he was telling they have had no cold snap yet up there? Thank you, sir, good luck to you!" and off we went again, along a level road, crossing the broad slow river from whence it takes its name, into the town of Hackensack. "We breakfast here, Frank"—as he pulled up beneath the low Dutch shed projecting over half the road in front of the neat tavern,— "How are you, Mr. Vanderbeck—we want a beef-steak, and a cup of tea, as quick as you can give it us; we'll make the tea ourselves; bring in the black tea, Tim—the nags as usual."

"Aye! aye! sur"—"tak them out—leave t' harness on, all but their bridles"—to an old gray-headed hostler. "Whisp off their legs a bit; I will be oot enoo!"

After as good a breakfast as fresh eggs, good country bread—worth ten times the poor trash of city bakers—prime butter, cream and a fat steak could furnish, at a cheap rate, and with a civil and obliging landlord, away we went again over the red-hills—an infernal ugly road, sandy, and rough, and stony—for ten miles farther to New Prospect. "Now you shall see some scenery worth looking at," said Harry, as we started again, after watering the horses, and taking in a bag with a peck of oats—"to feed at three o'clock, Frank, when we stop to grub, which must do *al fresco*—my friend explained—"for the landlord, who kept the only tavern on the road, went West this summer, bit by the land mania, and there is now no stopping place 'twixt this and—" naming the village for which we were bound, "You got that beef boiled, Tim?"

"Ay'd been a foul else, and Aye so often oop t' road too," answered he with a grin, "and t' moostard is mixed, and t' pilot biscuit in, and a good bit o' Cheshire cheese! wee's doo, Aye reckon. Ha! ha! ha!"

And now my friend's boast was indeed fulfilled; for when we had driven a few miles farther, the country became undulating with many and bright streams of water; the hills clothed with luxuriant woodlands, now in their many colored garb of autumn beauty; the meadow-land rich in unchanged fresh greenery—for the summer had been mild and rainy—with here and there a buck-wheat stubble showering its ruddy face, replete with promise of quail in the present, and of hot cakes in future; and the bold chain of mountains, which, under many names, but always beautiful and wild, sweeps from the highlands of the Hudson, west and southwardly, quite through New Jersey, forming a link between the White and Green mountains of New Hampshire and Vermont, and the more famous Alleghanies of the South.

A few miles farther yet, the road wheeled round the base of the Tourne mountain, a magnificent bold hill, with a bare craggy head, its sides and skirts thick set with cedars and hickory, entering a defile through which the Ramapo, one of the loveliest streams eye ever looked upon, comes rippling with its chrystal waters over bright pebbles on its way to join the two kin-

dred rivulets, which form the fair Passaic! Throughout the whole of that defile, nothing can possibly surpass the loveliness of nature; the road hard, and smooth, and level, winding and wheeling parallel to the gurgling river, crossing it two or three times in each mile, now on one side, and now on the other—the valley now barely broad enough to permit the highway and the stream to pass between the abrupt masses of rock and forest, and now expanding into rich basins of green meadow-land, the deepest and most fertile possible—the hills of every shape and size—here bold, and bare, and rocky—there swelling up in grand round masses, pile above pile of verdure, to the blue firmament of autumn. By and bye we drove through a thriving little village, nestling in a hollow of the hills, beside a broad bright pond, whose waters keep a dozen manufactories of cotton and of iron—with which mineral these hills abound—in constant operation; and passing by the tavern, the departure of whose owner Harry had so pathetically mourned, we wheeled again round a projecting spur of hill into a narrower defile, and reached another hamlet, but far different in its aspect from the busy bustling place we had left some five miles behind. There were some twenty houses, with two large mills of solid masonry, but of these not one building was now tenanted; the roof-trees broken, the doors and shutters either torn from their hinges, or flapping wildly to and fro; the mill wheels cumbering the stream with masses of decaying timber, and the whole presenting a most desolate and mournful aspect. "Its story is soon told," Harry said, catching my inquiring glance—"a speculating, clever, New York merchant—a water-power—a failure—and a consequent desertion of the project; but we must find a berth among the ruins!" and as he spoke, turning a little off the road, he pulled up on the green sward; "there's an old stable here that has a manger in it yet! now Tim, look sharp!" and in a twinkling the horses were loosed from the wagon, the harness taken off and hanging on the corners of the ruined hovels, and Tim hissing and rubbing away at the gray horse, while Harry did like duty on the chesnut, in a style that would have done no shame to Melton Mowbray!

"Come, Frank, make yourself useful! get out the round of beef, and all the rest of the provant—it's on the rack behind; you'll find all right there. Spread our table-cloth on that flat stone by the waterfall, under the willow; clap a couple of bottles of the Baron's champagne into the pool there underneath the fall; let's see whether your Indian campaigning has taught you anything worth knowing!"

To work I went at once, and by the time I had got through, "come Tim," I heard him say, "I've got the rough dirt off this fellow, you must polish him, while I take a wash, and get a bit of dinner. Holloa! Frank, are you ready," and he came bounding down to the water's edge, with his Newmarket coat in hand, and sleeves rolled up to the elbows, plunged his face into the cool stream, and took a good wash of his soiled hands in the same natural basin. Five minutes afterwards we were employed most pleasantly with the spiced beef, white biscuit, and good wine, which came out of the waterfall, as cool as Gunter could have made it with all his icing. When we had pretty well got through, and were engaged with our cheroots, up came Tim Matlock.

"T' horses have got through wi' t' corn—they have fed rarely—so I harnessed them, sur, all to the bridles—we can start when you will."

"Sit down, and get your dinner then, sir—there's a heel-put in that bottle we have left for you—and when you have done, put up the things, and we'll be off. I say Frank, let us try a shot with the pistols,—I'll get the case—stick up that fellow-commoner upon the fence there, and mark off a twenty paces."

The marking irons were produced—and loaded—"Fire—one—two—three"—bang! and the shivering of the glass announced that never more would that chap hold the generous liquor—the ball had struck it plump in the centre, and broken off the whole above the shoulder—for it was fixed neck downward on a stake—"It is my turn now," said I—and more by luck, I fancy, than by skill, I took the neck off, leaving nothing but the thick ring of the mouth still sticking on the summit of the fence—"I'll hold you a dozen of my best regalias against as many of Manillas, that I break the ring."

"Done, Harry!"

"Done!"

Again the pistol cracked, and the unerring ball drove the small fragment into a thousand splinters.

"That's fotted 'um!"—exclaimed Tim, who had come to announce all ready—"Ecod, measter Frank, you munna wager i' that gate wi' measter, or my name beame Tim, but thoul't be clean bamboozled."

Well—not to make a short story long—we got under way again, and with speed unabated, spanked along at full twelve miles an hour, for five miles farther. There, down a wild looking glen, on the left hand, comes brawling, over stump and stone, a tributary streamlet—by the side of which a rough track, made by the charcoal burners and the iron miners, intersects the main road—and up this miserable looking path—for it was little more—Harry wheeled at full trot—"now for twelve miles of mountain, the roughest road and wildest country you ever saw crossed in a phaeton, good Frank." And wild it was, indeed, and rough enough in all conscience—narrow, unfenced, in many places winding along the brow of precipices without rail or breast-work, encumbered with huge blocks of stone, and broken by the summer rains—an English stage coachman would have stared aghast at the steep zigzags up the hills—the awkward turns on the descents—the sudden pitches, with now an unsafe bridge, and now a strong ford at the bottom—but through all this, the delicate, quick, fingers, keen eye, and cool head of Harry, assisted by the rare mouths of his exquisitely bitted cattle, piloted us at the rate of full ten miles the hour!—the scenery through which the wild track ran, being entirely of the most grand and savage character of woodland—the bottom filled with gigantic trees, cedar, and pine, and hemlock, with a dense undergrowth of rhododendron, calmia, and azalia, which, as my friend informed me, made the whole mountains in the summer season one rich bed of bloom. About six miles from the point where we had entered them we scaled the highest ridge of the hills, by three almost precipitous zigzags, the topmost one paved by a stratum of broken shaley limestone; and passing at once from the forest into well cultivated fields, came on a new and lovelier prospect—a narrow deep

vale scarce a mile in breadth—scooped as it were out of the mighty mountains which embosomed it on every side—in the highest state of culture, with rich orchards, and deep meadows, and brown stubbles, whereon the shocks of maize stood fair and frequent—and eastward of the road—which driving down obliquely to the bottom, loses itself in the woods of the opposite hill-side, and only becomes visible again when it emerges to cross over the next summit—the loveliest sheet of water, my eye has ever seen, varying from half a mile to a mile in breadth, and about five miles long, with shores indented deeply with the capes and promontories of the wood-clothed hills, which sink abruptly to its very margin.

"That is the Greenwood Lake, Frank, called by the monsters here Long Pond!—the fiends receive their souls therefore," as Walter Scott says—in my mind prettier than Lake George by far, though known to few except chance sportsmen like myself! Full of fish—perch of a pound in weight, and yellow bass in the deep waters, and a good sprinkling of trout, toward this end—Ellis Ketchum killed a five-pounder here this spring!—and heaps of summer-duck, the loveliest in plumage of the genus, and the best too, *me judice*, excepting only the inimitable canvass-back. There are a few deer, too, in the hills, though they are getting scarce of late years. There from that headland I killed one, three summers since—I was placed at a stand by the lake's edge, and the dogs drove him right down to me; but I got too eager, and he heard or saw me, and so fetched a turn; but they were close upon him, and the day was hot, and he was forced to soil. I never saw him till he was in the act of leaping from a bluff of ten or twelve feet into the deep lake, but I pitched up my rifle at him—a snap shot, as I would my gun at a cock in a summer brake—and by good luck sent my ball through his heart! There is a finer view yet when we cross this hill—the Bellvale mountain—look out, for we are just upon it—there! now admire!"—and on the summit he pulled up, and never did I see a landscape more extensively magnificent—ridge after ridge the mountain sloped down from our feet into a vast rich basin ten miles at least in breadth, by thirty, if not more, in length, girdled on every side by mountains—the whole diversified with wood and water, meadow and pasture land, and corn-field—studded with small white villages—with more than one bright lakelet glittering like beaten gold in the declining sun, and several isolated hills, standing up boldly from the vale!

"Glorious indeed! most glorious!" I exclaimed—

"Right, Frank," he said—"a man may travel many a day and not see anything to beat the vale of Sugar-loaf—so named from that cone-like hill, over the pond there—that peak is eight hundred feet above tide water. —Those blue hills, to the far right, are the Hudson Highlands; that bold bluff is the far-famed Anthony's Nose—that ridge across the vale—the second ridge I mean—are the Shawangunks—and those three rounded summits, farther yet—those are the Kaatskills!—but now a truce with the romantic, for there lies — and this keen mountain air has found me a fresh appetite!"

Away we went again, rattling down the hills, nothing daunted at their steep pitches, with the nags just as fresh as when they started, champing and snapping at their curbs, till on a table-land above the brook, with the steeple of its church peering out from the massy foliage of sycamore and locusts, the haven of our journey lay before us. "Hilloa, hill-oa ho! whoop!—who—whoop!"—and with a cheery shout as we clattered across the wooden bridge, he roused out half the population of the village.

"Ya ha ha!—ya yah!"—yelled a great woolly-headed coal-black negro—"Here 'm massa Archer back agin—massa ben well, I spect!"

"Well—to be sure I have, Sam!"—cried Harry—"How's old Poll—bid her come up to Draw's to-morrow night—I've got a red and yellow frock for her—a h—l of a concern!"

"Yah ha! yah ha ha yah!" and amidst a most discordant chorus of African merriment, we passed by a neat farm-house shaded by two glorious locusts, on the right, and a new red brick mansion, the pride of the village, with a flourishing store on the left—and wheeled up to the famous Tom Draw's tavern—a long white house with a piazza six feet wide, at the top of eight steep steps—with a one story kitchen at the end of it—a pump with a gilt pine-apple at the top of it, and horse-trough—a wagon-shed and stable sixty feet long, a sign-post with an indescribable female figure swinging upon it, and an ice-house over the way!—such was the house, before which we pulled up just as the sun was setting, amongst a gabbling of ducks, a barking of terriers, mixed with the deep bay of two or three large heavy fox-hounds which had been lounging about in the shade, and a peal of joyous welcome from all beings, quadruped and biped, within hearing—"Hulloa! Boys!"—cried a deep hearty voice from within the bar-room—"Hulloa Boys—walk in! walk in!—What the eternal h—l are you about there?"—Well—we did walk into a large neat bar-room, with a bright hickory log crackling upon the hearth-stone—a large round table in one corner, covered with draught boards, and old newspapers, among which showed pre-eminent the "Spirit of the Times"—a range of pegs well stored with great-coats, fishing-rods, whips, game-bags, spurs, and every other stray appurtenance of sporting, gracing one end, while the other was more gaily decorated by the well-furnished bar, in the right-hand angle of which my eye detected in an instant, a handsome nine pound double barrel—an old six foot Queen Ann's tower-musket, and a long smooth-bored rifle—and last, not least, outstretched at easy length upon the counter of his bar, to the left hand of the gang-way—the right side being more suitably decorated with tumblers, and decanters of strange compounds—supine, with fair round belly towering upward, and head voluptuously pillowed on a heap of wagon cushions—lay in his glory—but no! hold! the end of a chapter is no place to introduce—Tom Draw!

ANIMAL MAGNETISM OUTDONE.

In the night of the 11th of May, 1812, Mr. Williams, of Scorrion House, near Redruth, Cornwall, awoke his wife, and, exceedingly agitated, told her that he had dreamed that he was in the lobby of the House of Commons, and saw a man shoot with a pistol, a gentleman who had just entered the lobby, who was said to be the Chancellor; to which Mrs. Williams naturally replied, that it was only a dream, and recommended him to be composed, and go to sleep as soon as he could.

He did so; but shortly after he again woke her and said that he had, a second time, had the same dream; whereupon she observed that he had been so much agitated with his former dream, that she supposed it had dwelt on his mind, and begged of him to compose himself and go to sleep, which he did.

A third time the same vision was repeated, on which, notwithstanding her entreaties that he would lie quiet and endeavor to forget it, he arose (then between one and two o'clock) and dressed himself. At breakfast the dreams were the sole subject of conversation, and in the forenoon Mr. Williams went to Falmouth, where he related the particulars of them to all his acquaintances that he met. On the following day Mr. Tucker of Trematon Castle, accompanied by his wife, a daughter of Mr. Williams, went to Scorrion-House on a visit, and arrived about dusk. Immediately after his first salutations on their entering the parlor, where were Mr., Mrs., and Miss Williams, Mr. Williams began to relate to Mr. Tucker the circumstance of his dreams, and Mrs. W. observed to her daughter, Mrs. T., laughingly, that her father could not even suffer Mr. Tucker to be seated before he told him of his nocturnal visitation; on the statement of which Mr. Tucker observed, that it would do very well for a dream to have the Chancellor in the lobby of the House of Commons, but that he would not be found there in reality. And Mr. Tucker then asked what sort of a man he appeared to be, when Mr. Williams described him minutely; to which Mr. Tucker replied, "Your description is not at all that of the Chancellor, but is certainly very exactly that of Mr. Perceval, the Chancellor of the Exchequer; and, although he has been to me the greatest enemy I have ever met with through life (for a supposed cause which had no foundation in truth), [or words to that effect] I should be exceedingly sorry indeed to hear of his being assassinated, or of an injury of the kind happening to him."

Mr. Tucker then inquired of Mr. Williams if he had ever seen Mr. Perceval, and was told that he had never seen him, nor had ever written to him, either on public or private business; in short, that he had never had anything to do with him, nor had he ever been in the House of Commons in his lifetime. At this moment Mr. Williams and Mr. Tucker, still standing, heard a horse galloping to the door of the house, and immediately after, Mr. Michael Williams, of Trevice (son of Mr. Williams, of Scorrion), entered the room and said that he had galloped out from Truro (from which Scorrion is seven miles distant), having seen a gentleman there who had come by that evening's mail from town, who said that he was in the lobby of the House of Commons on the evening of the 11th, when a man, called Bellingham, had shot Mr. Perceval; and that, as it might occasion some great ministerial changes, and might affect Mr. Tucker's political friends, he had come on as fast as he could to make him acquainted with it, having heard at Truro that he had passed through that place in the afternoon, on his way to Scorrion.

After the astonishment which this intelligence created had a little subsided, Mr. Williams described most minutely the appearance and dress of the man that he saw in his dream fire the pistol at the Chancellor. About six weeks after, Mr. Williams, having business in town, went, accompanied by a friend, to the House of Commons, where, as has been already observed, he had never before been. Immediately that he came to the steps at the entrance of the lobby, he said, "This place is as distinctly within my recollection, in my dream, as any room in my house," and he made the same observation when he entered the lobby. He then pointed out the exact spot where Bellingham actually stood when he fired, and which Mr. Perceval had reached when he was struck by the ball, where he fell. The dress both of Mr. Perceval and Bellingham agreed with the description given by Mr. Williams even to the most minute particulars.

The foregoing dream is the more marvellous and astonishing on account of the striking conformity of its details to those of a contemporary event, which was performed near three hundred miles from the person of the dreamer. Moreover, to silence all those doubts which those who fancy they can theorise upon dreams continually offer to the public, when anything of the kind becomes realized, it must be stated, that the person who dreamed the dream is now alive; the witnesses to whom he made known the particulars of it at the time are also living; and the whole comes therefore under the denomination of a special and undoubted type or warning of what afterwards happened. The great respectability of the parties, who are ready (as they have assured the author) to make oath on the subject, sets aside every appearance of wishing to impose upon public credulity. It is here recorded as a matter of fact, which may cause the sceptic to pause ere he pronounces all dreams as the offspring of the imagination, or the effects of bodily infirmities.

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